

He Is 91 And He Remembers Old-Time Railroading

By David G. Lewis



T 91, GEORGE Jefferson Lewis still remembers the days of his youth.

He remembers a West

Virginia that is gone forever; a West Virginia known to most only through history books and dusty albums.

G. J. Lewis's West Virginia consists of one room school houses, long hours on the farm and longer ones in the mines, and a narrow gauge railroad.

It spans from a time when a man rarely left the county of his birth before he was 20, to a time of strip mining and rapid transit. Here is his own story of West Virginia in his own colorful words.

The first school I went to (around 1889), was three miles away from our farm in Boone County. The trustees later changed the line and that put me in the Peytona district. The school was on the other side of the creek so you'd have to 'coon foot' logs in the creek. We had a time gettin' the education we could and of course it didn't amount to nothin'.

"When I went to school we went three months a year. I don't think I ever got to the sixth grade.

"Everyone was in the same room — from A B C's, to the eighth grade. It was the biggest school in the county with about 65 in one room.

"They gave me the job of firin' the ole pot bellied stove. It was in the middle of the room and sometimes I'd have that stove-pipe red.

"I was about eight years old then and just startin' to chew tobacco. Right next to my desk there was a hole in the floor. I'd watch the teacher and when he wasn't lookin' I'd spit.

"I think the teacher's name was Kesler, from Jackson County. He used to turn his back and then spin around on his heels to catch us to see if we were doin' anything. He caught me spittin' down through this hole.

"He came to me and said to me 'you take your book and go stand in the corner and get your lesson.' I went to the corner and there was another hole in the wall just mouth level. I spit through the hole and had the whole place laughin'. The teacher came to me and said 'you go on back to your seat.'

"We had a man for a teacher because the board wanted a man with a number one certificate. A teacher with a number one certificate got 45 dollars a month, a number two certificate got 35

dollars, and a number three got 25 dollars a month. This was back when the parents paid the teachers room and board.

"When he came he let us know who was boss. He introduced us all to his hickory stick. I got whipped almost every day."

The simple life of the 1890's is evident when one hears of the social life of those days. Any news of a local social affair was heard from the mailman by either word of mouth or a written message.

"Besides goin' to school we went to a lot of social affairs. We'd go to bean stringin's and corn huskin's. 'Bean stringin'' at so-and-so's house tonight' or 'Apple-pealin', be sure and come.' We'd get us a lantern and go.

"Sometimes wagoners would come by the farm on their way to the river or wherever they were going, and if the weather was bad or they needed food we'd help them.

"One time there was four wagons camped next to our farm. It was during the fall and with a bright moon we saw one of the wagoners stealing some corn out of the corn crib. My father was gone and I loaded our muzzle-loading shotgun, ready to shoot him but mother wouldn't let me. I was about 13 or 14 at the time (about 1895).

"I made my own way when I



George Jefferson Lewis

was about 15 years old. I worked and gave my father money. Before I was married I gave him \$88 so he could buy a mule."

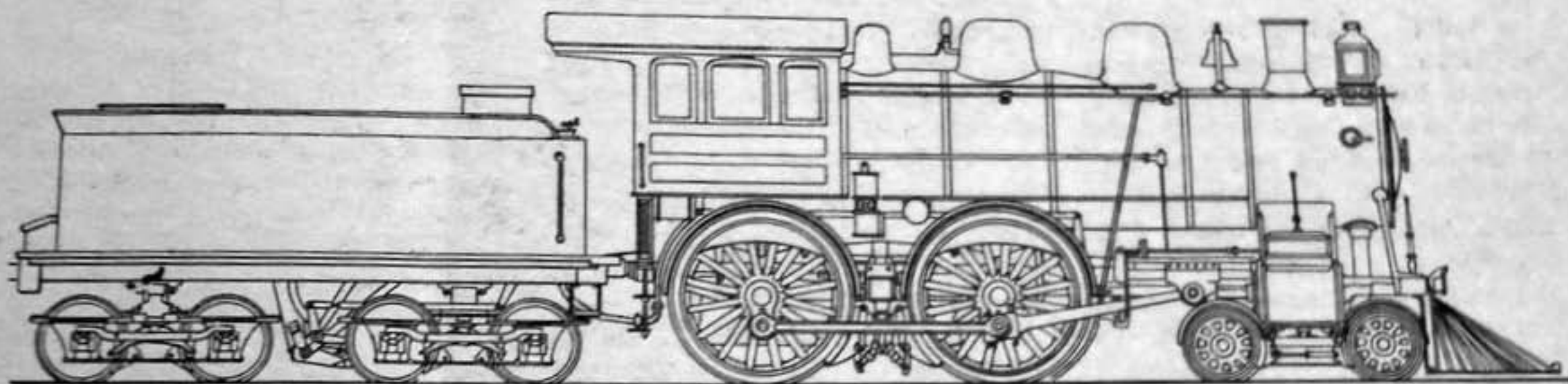
Like many farm families, work in the winter had to be found. Mining proved to be the answer.

"When I was 12 and 13 and I worked with my father in the coal mines during the winter. Using a pick, if we made \$2 or \$3 a day we were doin' fine.

"We worked long hours to boot. People wouldn't work today like we did then.

(Continued On Page 6)

Pictorial History of the Locomotive '1899) by William Wright



— American Express Locomotive 1893. —

This type of engine is in service on the New York, New Haven and Hartford R.R. and was built by the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, and was designed for fast runs with very heavy trains

Cylinders 20" x 26"; driving wheels 78" diameter; heating surface 1290 square feet; Weight in working order 125,000 lbs.

PART I

PART I

By Charles Carpenter

talk with Mr. George Mathis, the trainmaster.

I saw the superintendent getting on an inter-office speaking tube (something no longer existent anywhere) as I went out, and learned when I got downstairs he had told Mr. Mathis I was coming. Mr. Mathis was prepared for me, and he too looked me over critically, after a second or so, saying, "You don't look like your father, George." He had known my father for two or three years.

I was put to work in the trainmaster's office the next day, doing crew record posting, and performing other minor clerical work of a routine nature. Mr. Mathis within a few days after I went to work got to calling me the assistant trainmaster. He did this all the time I was in his office, the two months and a half before school started.

A couple of months after I had gone through the Union School, I went back to Mr. Fisher's and asked if I could get a regular place on the railroad. He and George Mathis had taken a liking to me, and I thought I might get on a second time. I was given a place as yard clerk, a position coming under the freight agent; this place paying more than my former job, which in fact had been

WHEN I WAS 17, I was acquainted with the Fisher boys on the far north end of Capitol Street at Charleston. Their father, F. M. Fisher, was superintendent of the

Coal & Coke Railway. I knew Mr. Fisher and seeing him one day I asked him if he could give me a "vacation period" job on the railroad. He said he admired boys who wanted to work and were not afraid to ask for a job, and told me to come around to his office the next morning.

I went to his office upstairs in the old Coal and Coke station and office building on Slack Street that stood until a few years ago. Mr. Fisher looked me over, though he knew me, and asked me a number of questions. I answered them, evidently suitably, as he smiled at some of my replies, answers that might have been a little elaborate for a prospective new hand at railroading — one of my age. I think he enjoyed talking with me; he showed that he did. After a while he told me to go downstairs and

T. J. - 2nd - 1-1
 Charleston, Clarendon & Sutton R. R. Co. 19
 Train Order No. 3
 To C3E 2 At 12:2 120
 "X" 12:11 Op. 7:16 9M.
 Do not exceed a
 speed of 10 miles
 per hour
 C.H.M.

CONDUCTOR AND ENGINEER MUST EACH HAVE A COPY OF THIS ORDER.
 Made 7:36 A.M. Made Copy 7:41 7:37 A.M. 12:11 Op.

hardly more than an office boy's role, paying an equivalent salary — which was not at all munificent.

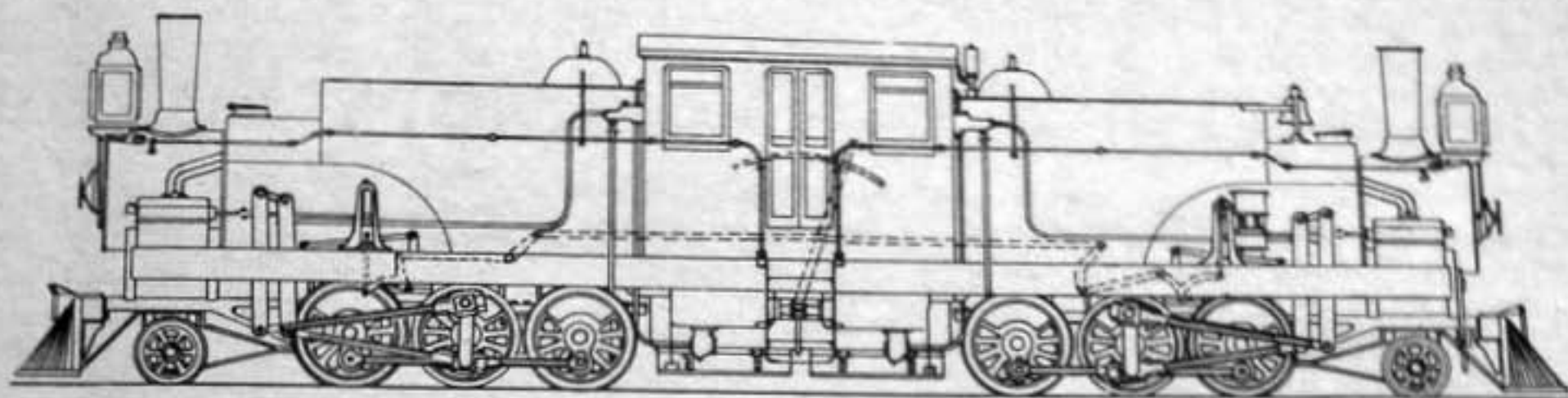
Within a few days after I was given employment as a clerk, the superintendent's office was moved to Gassaway. At the same time the freight office was moved from its cramped quarters downstairs to the just emptied

upstairs. The lower part of the Slack Street building was made into expanded freight-house space. Previously there had been insufficient freight storage room.

The Coal & Coke at the time was running a considerable number of trains, especially freights, handling much more freight over the

(Continued On Page 11)

Pictorial History of the Locomotive (1899) by William Wright



Johnstone Double Bogie Compound Locomotive 1892

This engine was designed by Mr. F. W. Johnstone, Supt. of Motive Power and Machinery of the Mexican Central Ry. in 1892.

The two boilers of the engine are carried on a long rigid frame and the fire doors are on the sides; the water supply is carried in saddle tanks and the front trucks are of the two wheeled radial type pivoted to the main frame.

The dimensions are as follows; cylinders 13" and 28" by 24" stroke; driving wheels 40" dia; total wheel base 45 feet 11 inches, weight on driving wheels 200,000 lbs; total weight of engine 230,000 lbs.

The engine was designed for work on long grades of 160 feet per mile, with 18 to 22 degree curves and was of novel design and great power.

On account of the great amount of curvature, heavy consolidation or decapod engines, could not be used to advantage and it was necessary to obtain a heavy powerful engine with a very flexible wheel base and the design shown herewith was the result.

The cylinders are annular, the high pressure being inside the low and each combined cylinder is equal to a single expansion cylinder of 19" dia.

This engine was designed to haul freight trains between Tampico and Mexico.



The WEST VIRGINIA

Hillbilly

25c

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION

VOL. 13 - NO. 20 - MAY 20, 1972 - RICHWOOD, W. VA.

Sob . . . and . . . Gulp

W. Va. Loses Cherished Poverty Image

WASHINGTON POST WRITER BETTY BEALE SAYS "HILLBILLY REPUTATION SQUASHED"



WEST VIRGINIA'S HILLBILLY reputation went down the drain at the posh meeting in White Sulphur Springs of the Nation's Republican governors.

The state chiefs and their wives who had never been there before were everything from pleasantly surprised to amazed that the elegant old-style Greenbrier could be maintained today in the immaculate fashion of the times when tycoons arrived in their private railroad cars.

Nancy Reagan confessed she was impressed with the beauty of the swish, mammoth, white hotel tucked away on 6,000 green Appalachia acres. Gov. Tom McCall of Oregon, who was also seeing the mountain retreat for the first time, was jubilant over it.

But then the whole of the GOP governors was jubilant and harmonious. Even the less conservative ones who were turned off by Vice President Agnew's campaign of 1972 seemed happy and comfortable with him.

Such liberals as Virginia's Linwood Holton and Michigan's Bill Milliken had such a whopping good, genial game of tennis with Ted Agnew and his administrative assistant C. D. Ward, that the palsy-walsy feeling they exuded embraced the whole evening. Maybe that as much as the late hour kept the V.P. from delivering the hard-hitting speech he was supposed to give. Instead of attacking Congress, he dismissed the entire text and tossed off one amusing story after another.

He began by referring to the tennis game with the two governors and his "former administrative assistant." Agnew and Ward had lost the match. Also one of C.D.'s serves had hit Agnew on the shoulder causing the latter to muse on the side, "I notice when I get struck nobody says anything."

Agnew Scintillates

He went on: "This is probably the only time you have been addressed at the Governor's Conference by a prominent athlete." He would have challenged the Chinese Ping-Pong team touring the United States, he said, "but with my sports record I would have violated the Geneva Convention."

Other Agnew cracks:

* "In Massachusetts they said watching Muskie on the stump was a little like watching a refrigerator defrost. He should get an endorsement from the Audubon Society as the year's most endangered species."

* "Mayor Lindsay and I are supposed to be enemies but the last time I was in New York the mayor invited me to dinner. I couldn't go but I was sorry because I've never had dinner at Umberto's Clam House." As you know, that was the scene of the Mafia killing of April 7.

* "Henry Kissinger is Pennsylvania Avenue's answer to Burt Reynolds."

* "The President said, 'Remember at the White House our door is always open. Jack Anderson stole the hinges.'"

* "The Pulitzer Prize selection board has come up with a brilliant new category for prizes — larceny."

On a serious vein the Vice President said if the President selects someone else as his running mate it will be perfectly all right with him. He will support whomever he chooses.

And he wound up saying he was "fantastically impressed with the musical know-how of West Virginia schools of higher education." The governors were entertained at their final dinner by West Virginia State College singers and the West Virginia University percussion group playing African music on Uganda instruments. Both were so good they received standing ovations.

West Virginia State College, by the way, was all black until 1955 but it was such a fine college that the minute it was opened to whites they flocked to it. It's still run by blacks but whites comprise 72 percent of the student body which includes Harry Belafonte's daughter.

Governors Unworried

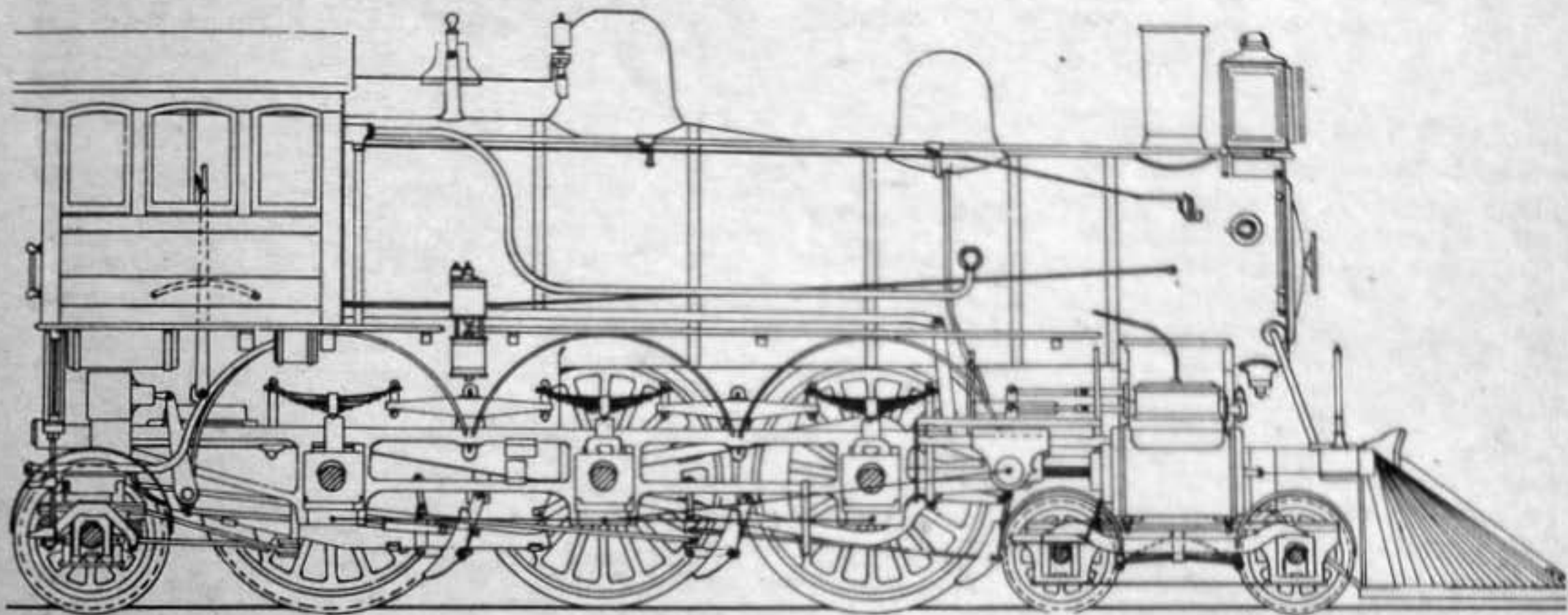
The three-day meeting called to pledge gubernatorial support for Nixon's re-election featured panel discussions every morning on state problems. Every afternoon there was golf, tennis and socializing, winding up with entertainment and dancing in the Old White, the hotel's nightclub.

(Continued on Page 7)

insburg Light Its 200 Candles

By Ethel Bovey
in the
Martinsburg Journal

Pictorial History of the Locomotive (1899) by William Wright



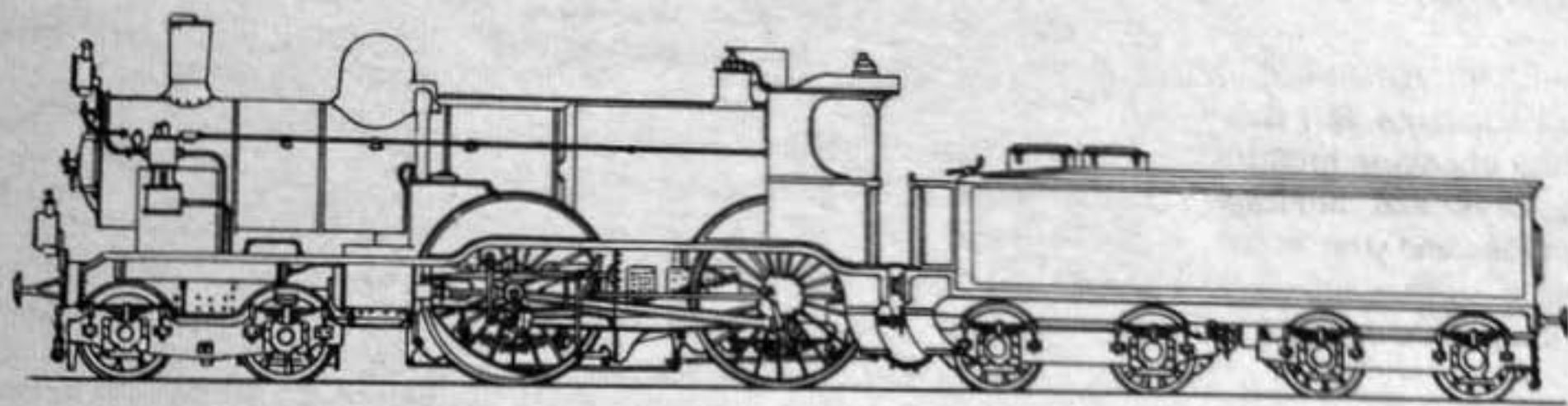
Compound Express Locomotive 1893.

This engine was built for the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul R.R. by the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, and is of the ten wheel type, although there are twelve wheels under the engine.

It is a two cylinder compound, cylinders 21" and 31" by 26" stroke, driving wheels 74" dia.; heating surface 1788 square feet weight of engine in working order 150,000 lbs.

This engine was exhibited, at the Worlds Fair, Chicago and attracted universal attention.

Pictorial History of the Locomotive (1899) by William Wright



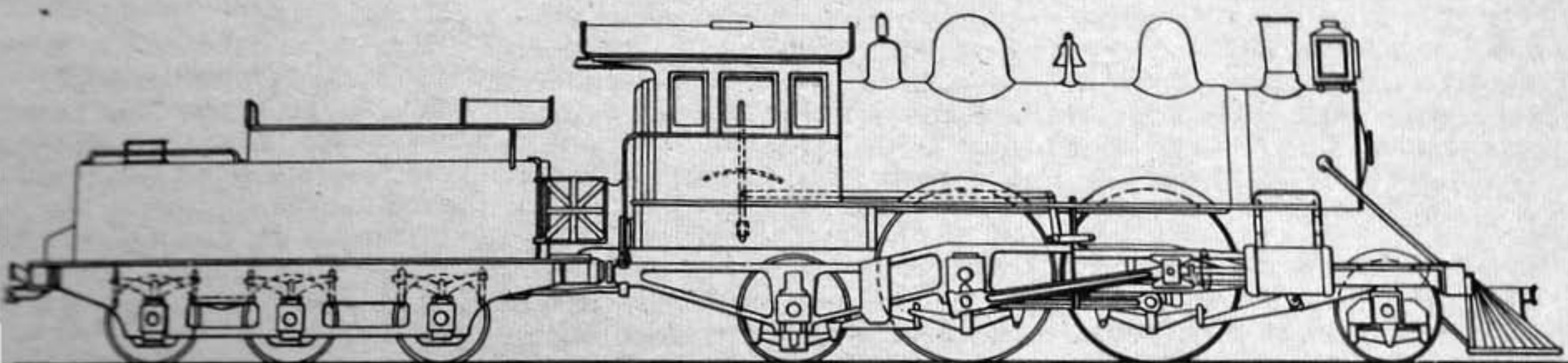
— Four Cylinder Compound Express Engine 1898 —
— Chemin de Fer du Nord - France. —

These engines were built for the above company by the
Alsation Engine Co. of Belfort France

The outside high pressure cylinders are $13\frac{1}{2}'' \times 25.2''$ stroke
and the inside low pressure $21'' \times 25.2''$ stroke; weight in
working order $51\frac{1}{2}$ tons; steam pressure 220 lbs. per square inch.
This type of engine is now used on most of the leading
French Railways and the type illustrated has attained
the continental record for speed with the Calais-Rome
express, weighing about 160 tons by running nearly 82
miles in 85 minutes.

Note, the high pressure pistons drive one axle, and the low
pressure pistons drive the other, all wheels however being
coupled together; the Walschart valve gear is used.

Pictorial History of the Locomotive (1899) by William Wright



— Fast Passenger Locomotive 1895. —

This engine was placed in service on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R.R. in 1895, and is known as the "Columbia" type and built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Cylinders 19" x 26", drivers 84½" diameter - heating surface 1580 square feet, total weight in working order 138,000 lbs.

come to me right on
 in an 1896 "Century
 with a copy in the
 a rather conclusive
 brief account you used.
 Roger Cooper
 Yale University

with pistol and bowie-knife,
 up to a squatter cabin
 ask a night's lodging. By
 door of a rotting shanty
 a ragged man astride
 barrel, slowly scraping
 he notes you hear. There
 children in the back-
 and a slatternly
 stands on the thresh-
 The man on the barrel
 away, paying no atten-
 the visitor, and the dia-
 begins.

"No, stranger!" says the
 man.
 "Hello yourself!"
 "Can you give me a night's
 room, stranger?"
 "Playing goes on."
 "Can't you make room?"
 "Sir, it might rain."
 "At if it does rain?"
 "There's only dry spot in
 use, and me and Sal
 on that."
 "Playing continues for
 time. Then the horse-
 is-
 "This is the way to the
 er Crossing?"
 "Fiddler gives no an-
 and the question is re-

lived hyar twenty
 and never knowed it
 crossin'."
 "Stranger then begins
 the tune still play-

"Don't you put a roof
 use?"

"Don't you put a roof
 use?"
 "It's dry I don't want
 when it's wet I can't."
 He goes on.

"Are you playing that
 so often for?"
 "Heard it yisterday,
 I forget it."

"Don't you play the
 ri of it?"
 "Knowed that tune ten
 and ain't got no see-

side of the story has
 me the fiddle," says
 per.

an hands it to him,
 moments of tuning
 ed as a prelude to
 wn, which has been
 lead in the popular
 s shown, known as
 of the Time."

the stranger strikes
 (Continued On Page 11)



25c

Hillbilly

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION

VOL. 13 - NO. 24 - JUNE 17, 1972 - RICHWOOD, W. VA.

Cyrus Vance Stops War In Vietnam

A WEST VIR-
 ginian has the
 distinction of
 being the
 American who
 stopped the
 fighting in Vietnam.

That man is Cyrus Vance,
 a member of one of West
 Virginia's pioneering fam-
 ilies, now a successful lawyer
 in New York City. The story
 of his successful efforts in
 halting the War in Vietnam
 is told in a current issue of
 the new magazine "Intellec-
 tual Digest."

This editor doesn't exactly
 understand the article by one
 Warren Rogers, "The Ad-
 ministration of President Ro-
 bert F. Kennedy." (It could
 mean John Kennedy, or then,
 too, it might be a kind of
 crystal glass thing and mean
 Ted Kennedy. But the best
 thing to do is to string along
 with the article, in case you
 run into another copy of a
 magazine like this.)

The article tells how Robert
 Kennedy was elected and how
 things turned out for him.
 Actually, they turned out so
 well, that the only worry he
 had was getting re-elected.
 One of the things which plagued
 all presidents, Eisenhower,
 the other Kennedy, Johnson,
 Nixon and McGovern was the
 war in Vietnam. However, for
 President Robert Kennedy, it
 was duck soup. That was be-
 cause of our West Virginian,
 Mr. Vance.

(Editor: American history
 reveals that West Virginia has
 always come to the front in
 crucial times that try men's
 souls, i. e., (1) Gen. Daniel
 Morgan coming to George
 Washington's aid in putting

(Continued On Page 13)

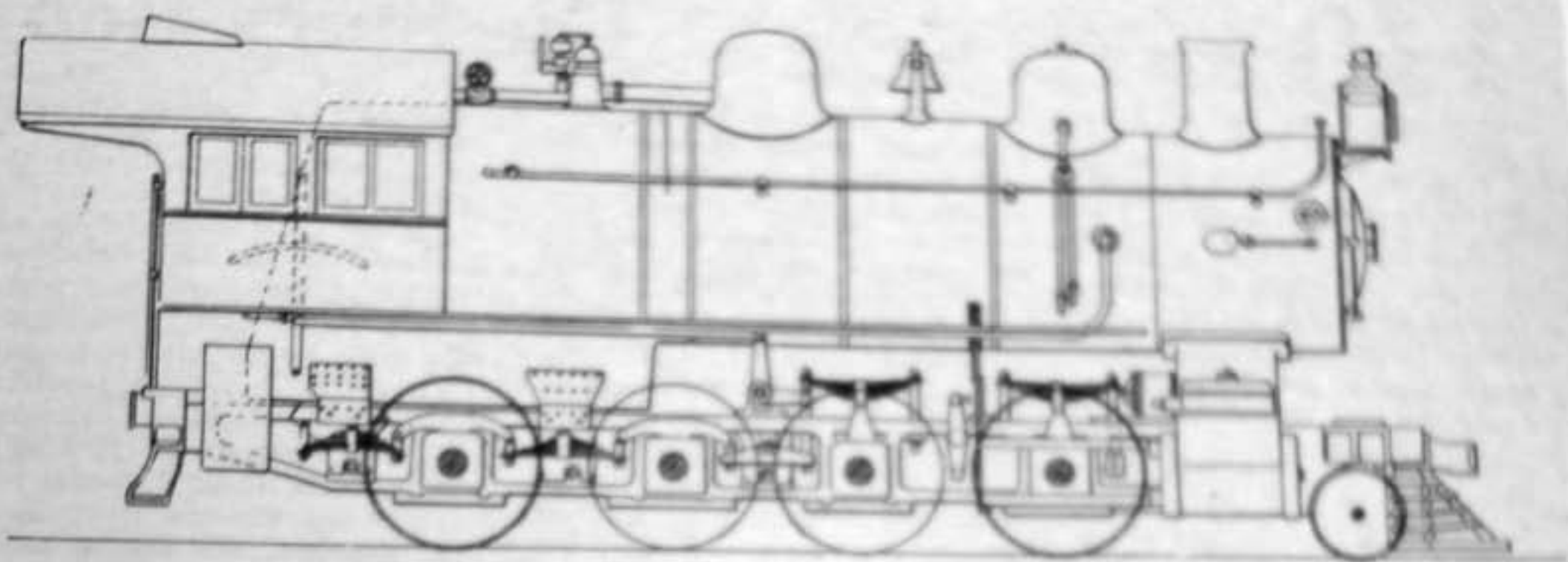


Girl Watching In the Hills

Hillbilly, in its age-long fight with
 Esquire Magazine for recognition
 of the prettiness of West Virginia
 girls and an apology for saying they
 weren't, has been paying more at-
 tention to bodies than brains. This
 week, brains, please, and the pos-
 sessor thereof, Linda Kay Hivick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
 Francis Hivick of Kanawha City. What did she do brainy?
 She, a student at Charleston High School, selected on the basis
 of scholastic achievement, outside interests, and extra-cur-
 ricular activities, will spend an all-expense paid, ten-day
 seminar in Washington as the guest of Union Carbide.

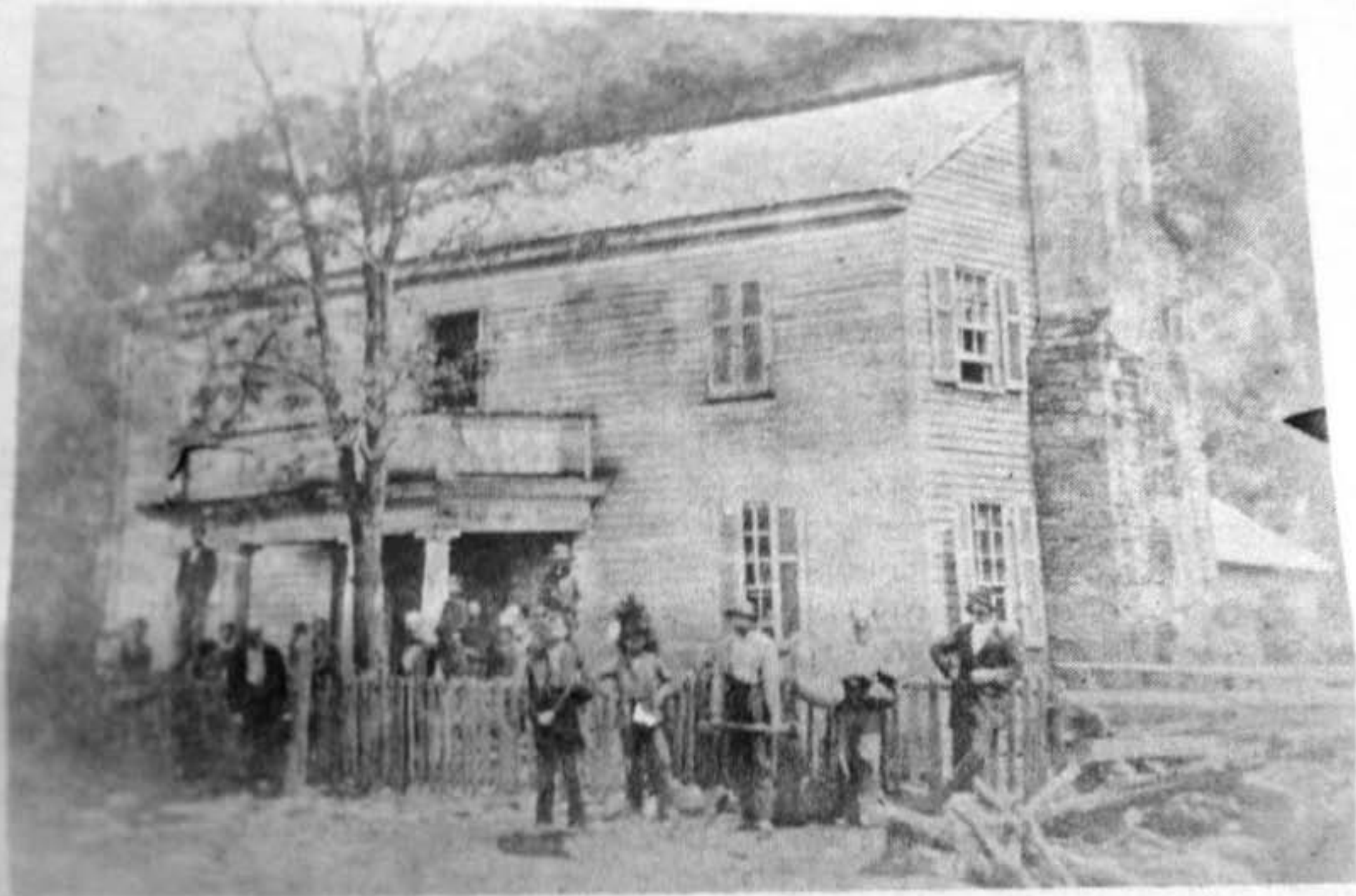


Pictorial History of the Locomotive (1899) by William Wright



— Simple Consolidation Freight Locomotive 1899. —

These engines were built by the Pennsylvania R.R. Co. for heavy freight service; cylinders $23\frac{1}{2}'' \times 28''$; drivers 56" diameter; heating surface 2917 square feet; weight in working order 186,500 lbs; boiler Belpaire type; tractive power of engine 35,816 lbs. These engines were designed with especial care and intelligence and may be classed among the highest types of freight locomotives of today.



Post Office Was In A Home

The Cheat Mountain post office was located in Alfred Hutton's home from February 21, 1870, to February 2, 1881. The building which housed Uncle Sam's mail business was built in 1840, and burned to the ground one February day in 1881, but not before it got its picture struck. Pictured here' are: Caroline Hutton (with son, Napoleon B. Hutton); Charles S. Hutton (boy on fence); Mosella Hutton Woodford (in front of post, left of porch); Elihu Moore (in front of gate); Alfred Hutton (Postmaster)-(right of tree); 5th from right - man unknown; Eugene E. Hutton (on banister behind 5th man from right); 4th from right - unknown; Henry Wills (3rd from right); John Athan (2nd from right); Buck McDonald (extreme right). All others unknown. Cheat Mountain's first postmaster was Alfred Hutton.

Yankees Used Bricks In Church To Build Ovens

 IN 1809 A united congregation was formed in the Tygarts Valley. The first congregation — to extend up from the lower end of the Valley (including Leading Creek and Wilmoth Settlement on Cheat River) up to Andrew

Crawford's (Valley Bend, West Virginia, today). The 2nd congregation — to extend up from Crawford's with him included therein, to the head of the Valley river (Mingo, West Virginia), including the adjacent settlements that is, or may be made thereto.

The two congregations held meetings at different homes in the Valley until 1821 when the two congregations united to build a church near Huttonsville, West Virginia, which was called the "Brick Church."

In 1818 Reverend Aretas Loomis came to Tygarts Valley to offer the people constructive leadership and they traced their beginnings to the ministry of their pioneer missionary and preacher.

March 1, 1820, Daniel McLean, Jonathan Hutton, and Andrew Crawford met at Crawford's house and organized a church. Matthew Whitman was elected a ruling elder.

December 18, 1821, Adam See deeded two (2) acres and 52 poles of land to Upper Congregation of Tygarts Valley. It was the tract of land that Adam See was then living on and including the brick yard.

1826 — The church was commenced. Cost \$1,500.00.

1829 — Brick Church was dedicated.

1831 — The church had 60 members and 5 elders — Matthew Whitman, Daniel McLean, Andrew Crawford, Squire Bosworth, and Jonathan Hutton. (Reverend Henry Brown — Pastor.)

1833 — Session met at the Brick Church on September 7, 1883 (Saturday) and was constituted by prayer. Reverend John Baber, Moderator. Elders — Jonathan Hutton, Matthew Whitman, Andrew Crawford, Jacob Ward, Sr., William Logan, John Brook and William H. Wilson.

September 8, 1833 (Sabbath) — Session met, was constituted by prayer. The same moderator of the day before with the same elders. In all probability, this was the first meeting in the new brick building.

1861 — Destroyed by Federal Troops — Torn down and the brick used to construct bake ovens, chimneys, etc. There was probably nothing that occurred in the Valley during the War that so much incensed the people as the destruction of the "Old Brick Church" and to this date it is held against the "Yankee" soldiers as an act of vandalism. The brick church stood on the grounds

of the present cemetery overlooking Tygarts Valley, both north and south.

After the Civil War the Tygarts Valley Congregation worshipped in a school house at Huttonsville, until another building was erected in 1883.

BIG NEWS

Important Book

Born Again

REACH ME THE TIN

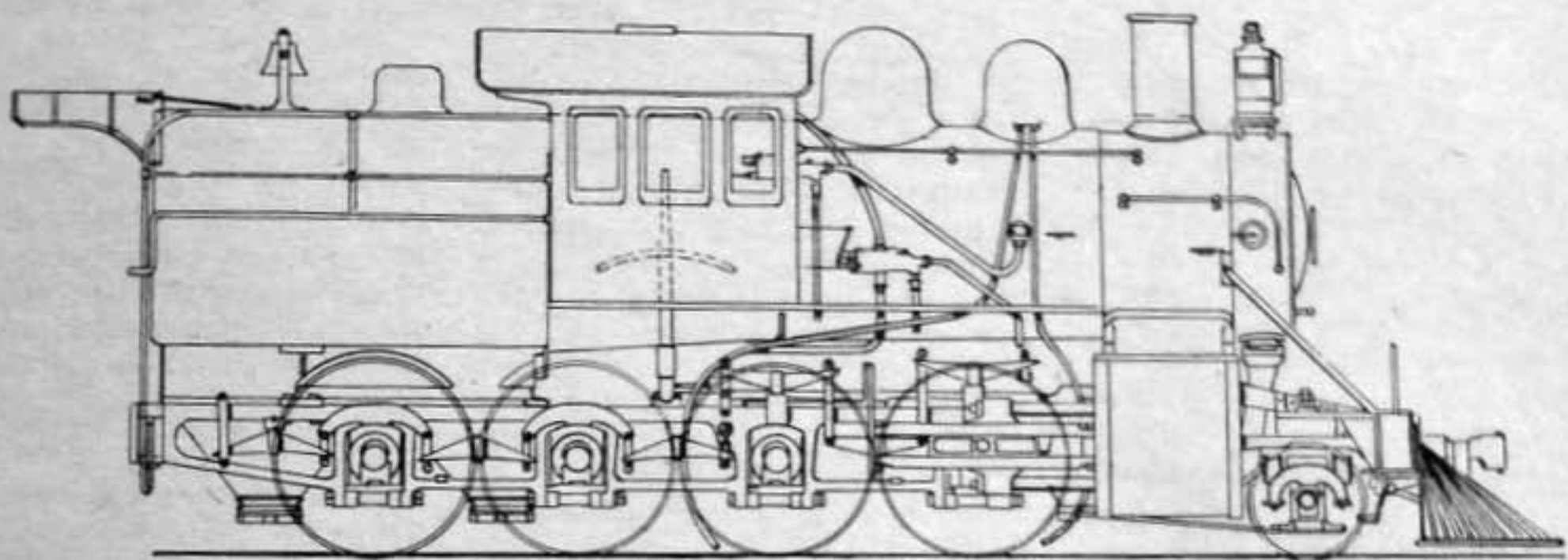
By Riley Wilson

\$5

Hillbilly
Bookshop

Richwood, W. Va. 26261

Pictorial History of the Locomotive (1899) by William Wright



— American Compound Consolidated Road Locomotive 1899. —

This engine was built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Lehigh Valley R.R. and is capable of pulling 2000 tons exclusive of engine and tender.

Cylinders are 17" and 28" by 30" stroke. Driving wheels 62" diameter; total heating surface 2987 square feet; draw bar pull 47000 lbs, and total weight of engine 175,000 lbs.

These engines are used on the Buffalo division of the above road, where the grades average 20 feet per mile and are 35 miles long and do the work previously done by two engines.



**A BACKWOODS
SUNDAY.**



Green Funerals & Feet Washings

Installment 2



HE OLD LOG building beside the creek had been known as Mt. Zion meeting house since Civil War days. It was the

only place of worship within a radius of 20 miles. During the brief winter school term it was called Zion school-house, and its rude benches bore the barlow-knifed initials of scores of forgotten students of William McGuffey.

It stood in a grove of oaks, gums, and sumacs that were probably old in Indian times. Wild green vines sometimes grew over the clapboard roof, owls roosted under its eaves, and wild hogs slept under the floor on cold nights. In summer the place drowsed in wilderness peace, but on each Sabbath the log walls resounded to the hoarse oratory of itinerant preachers, the shouts of saints, and the wails of penitents. The rough mourners' bench had often been wet with the tears of reformed sinners.

Each year, when spring was beginning to tip-toe over the hills, it would be given out at church that funeral services would be held on a certain date for all those of the region who had died during the past winter but whose obsequies could not be properly attended because of the deep snows. Friends and relatives would come from miles around to



Farrest Hall



hear the speakers, for our mountain people have a deep love for oratory.

They would arrive on foot, on horse and muleback, and in springless jolt wagons that held a number of straight chairs. Children and baskets of food would fill the rear of the wagon beds.

By 9 o'clock of the spring morning the woods around the church would be filled with animals tied to trees and swinging limbs, and horse trading would be well under way.

Fine Funeral Day

It would be a fine day for anybody's funeral. The warming earth would be breathing scents not yet ripe enough to be called perfume. The serviceberry swung its white stare against the dark hill-sides, dogwood swept in snowy gusts along the ridges, and here and there a redbud —

the Judas tree, because legend has it that Judas hanged himself from a redbud, or Judas tree.

From the old log church a chant would rise, an ancient song, sweet music of Anglo-Saxon pioneers that had oft resounded above the war whoop and the thud of Indian arrows into stockades. The building would be filled, the women on one side, the men on the other. The preacher, in black coat, jeans britches, and profusion of whiskers, would launch into his eulogy of the long departed person whose grave on the hillside was already growing green.

He would state the dead one's age to the week and day, praise his good deeds while on earth, and name his favorite hymn. Many in the congregation would be moved to tears. The preacher would strive hard to increase the flow. He had a habit of catching his breath and spacing his words with a quick "Ah," a sort of vocal comma, and he swept his arms in wide gestures.

"My friends, ah," he would cry. "There is an empty chair, ah, in that home. Hit's Brother Ed's chair, ah, but he won't never use it again. Brother Ed is over yander, ah, on Canaan's green shore, ah, away from this here world of sin an' sorrer, ah. He's thar awaitin' ah."

Amens boom from many throats. A few shouts fairly lift the roof.

same on the other side. Tin basins of water would be placed on a table beside clean white towels. The preacher, assisted by two deacons, would present the sacrament of bread and blackberry juice. The members would take a sip, using the same glass. Then a doleful song, and the preacher would quote from the scriptures:

"Jesus . . . riseth and layeth aside his garments."

The men would remove their coats and hang them on pegs on the wall.

" . . . and he taketh towel and girded himself."

A brother and a sister member would tie a towel about their waists, take a tin basin and begin washing the right foot of another member, then wiping it with the towel tied about the waist. This simple act of humility would continue until every member had performed the primitive ritual.

(Continued On Page 15)

In front of each volume of set of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopaedia appear this ex libris card.

This Set of The
Heritage Encyclopaedia
was presented

RIVESVILLE

his words with a quick "Ah," a sort of vocal comma, and he swept his arms in wide gestures.

"My friends, ah," he would cry. "There is an empty chair, ah, in that home. Hit's Brother Ed's chair, ah, but he won't never use it again. Brother Ed is over yander, ah, on Canaan's green shore, ah, away from this here world of sin an' sorrer, ah. He's thar awaitin' ah."

Amens boom from many throats. A few shouts fairly lift the roof.

Abruptly the preacher speaks calmly, not at all like his preaching voice. He lines a hymn — that is, he reads two lines and the congregation sings, then two more until the song is finished. The song is one everyone knows and is sung without accompaniment. The quavering voices seem muted to the tone of the lonely hills and possess a strange heart-stirring grandeur.

Plenty For All

"On Jordan's stormy bank
I stand, and cast a wistful
eye,

To Canaan's fair and happy
land where my possessions
lie."

The services would cease at 12 o'clock and the food baskets would be opened. Some would take their dinners out into the mild sunshine and eat under the trees. No one went hungry. There was plenty for all.

The foot washing ritual began after dinner. The women would sit on benches facing each other on one side of the church. The men would do the

same on the other side. Tin basins of water would be placed on a table beside clean white towels. The preacher, assisted by two deacons, would present the sacrament of bread and blackberry juice. The members would take a sip, using the same glass. Then a doleful song, and the preacher would quote from the scriptures:

“Jesus . . . riseth and layeth aside his garments.”

The men would remove their coats and hang them on pegs on the wall.

“ . . . and he taketh towel and girded himself.”

A brother and a sister member would tie a towel about their waists, take a tin basin and begin washing the right foot of another member, then wiping it with the towel tied about the waist. This simple act of humility would continue until every member had performed the primitive ritual.

(Continued On Page 15)

etc. The editor doubts that any West Virginia author will escape pictorial representation, and in some cases. Melville Davisson Post, Judge Lucas, for instance, their homes will be pictured.

The editor feels safe in saying that the \$100 you paid (in the first category) or the \$200 (in the second category) would easily be justified by the bibliography research and accumulations alone.

Green Funerals

(Continued From Page 6)

Following this ceremony the main sermon would be preached. Usually a visiting minister delivered it. Quoting some militant fighter of Bible times he would rant and roar in wrath against sin and the devil. It did not seem possible for anyone to be saved. Never before had the road to Hades been so wide and so crowded. Hades was no ordinary brush fire but a bottomless pit of roaring flames. As his voice rose, the scent of brimstone seemed to fill the room. Men, yelled, women shouted, and little children whimpered. Outside under the trees a mule hitched to a swinging limb, broke loose and went tearing out down the road.

The meeting came to a close as the shadows were growing long on the hillsides. Families from a distance got in their wagons and started home. Others walked homeward

through the early spring woods. Everyone had received spiritual solace. The work-worn women from the lonely cabins had met friends and exchanged gossip. The men had profited from having met acquaintances, and, perchance, to have skinned one of them in a horse trade. And many a mountain girl "caught" a beau at old Mt. Zion.

All this was long ago and far away. The old Mt. Zion churches have vanished from the Southern scene. So have the mules and horses and the jolt wagons with the straight chairs. Backwoods religious services are only a fading memory. In fact, there is no backwoods anymore.

As the old preacher would say, quoting from his favorite Book of Revelations: "... and the former things have passed away."

Continued Next Week

Renfro Valley BUGLE

A Publication Especially
For Old Timer

Monthly Paper
Printed Weekly

\$4.00 Per Year
Renfro Valley, Kentucky



McGuffey Days



The effects of Alcohol
1906.



AN OLD LOG schoolhouse of 1885

Fernest Hall

Remembered

Installment 3



ROUND 50 years ago there stood in every rural community an old log building that had once been a school-

house. Usually it was located between a rutted creek road and a silvery mountain stream where minnows and sunfish and hog suckers darted in deep pools.

Perhaps the pool was known locally as the "Otter hole," where in years gone by the last otter had been killed. The old schoolhouse was known as "old Number 9" or "Mt. Ebineezer School" or some such name that any reader of this article can identify as being the place where he studied the books of Prof. McGuffey.

These schoolhouses of a past era usually stood in a grove of trees. The wilderness grew down to the school lot where the boys played "one old cat" at recess and squirrels frisked in the trees while school was kept. During the long summer vacation the place took on the appearance of that picture presented by Whittier:

"Still sits the schoolhouse
by the road.

Forrest 11/11

A ragged beggar sunning.
Around it still the sumacs
grow,
And blackberry vines are
running."

New Buyers

ement has been offering as a
nt to new buyers of the West
la a copy of the **WEST VIR-**
that memorable job done by
rs. Charles Shetler and Delf
s than five copies left, and in-
t this offer did for the monu-
er is engaged in producing, the
another offer.

ne a complete set of the **WEST**
IES in six volumes. This
the Heritage Page as run in
omplete novels, **HAWKS NEST**
EL RIVER by Margaret Pres-
the entire script of two plays.
IN, the play that Lincoln was
ted, and **BELLE LAMAR**, the
life story of Martinsburg spy,
forgotten scraps of West Vir-
lds, including poetry, essays,

ume **WEST VIRGINIA HERIT-**
hase of a set of the West
with a \$10 down payment.

Hogs slept under the floor,
a screech owl roosted under
the eaves and a green
saw brier grew over the door
and remained there until the
opening of the term of school,
usually in late September when
farm work was done.

Today these old relics of
yesterday's school system
have almost disappeared, just
as the pupils who got their
"larnin'" there have van-
ished. In fact, education was
not a system then. It was a
purely localized method of im-
parting the three R's to coun-
try children and was con-
trolled by trustees who were
residents of the locality.
Schools opened in late fall
after the harvest was over
and the children were free
from farm chores.

The McGuffey Readers went
out around 1900 and the one-
room and two-room wooden
structures appeared. The lady
teachers came on the educa-
tional scene and there were
slight changes in textbooks
and methods. But the em-
phasis was still on spelling,
reading aloud and arithmetic.
The use of printed charts
came into use at the turn of
the century.

entertainment to new buyers of the West Encyclopedia a copy of the **WEST VIR- 1790-1863**, that memorable job done by couple, Messrs. Charles Shetler and Delf have less than five copies left, and in- ing job that this offer did for the monu- is newspaper is engaged in producing, the ne up with another offer.

limited time a complete set of the **WEST AGE SERIES** in six volumes. This years of the Heritage Page as run in nds two complete novels, **HAWKS NEST** and **UP EEL RIVER** by Margaret Pres- one finds the entire script of two plays. **CAN COUSIN**, the play that Lincoln was assassinated, and **BELLE LAMAR**, the told the life story of Martinsburg spy, are almost forgotten scraps of West Vir- in other fields, including poetry, essays, history.

of the 6-volume **WEST VIRGINIA HERIT-** your purchase of a set of the West encyclopedia with a \$10 down payment.

Encyclopedia
a 26261

me as a purchaser of the 50-volume Encyclopedia. I enclose a check for on the \$200 due, to make this coupon ill pay the balance of \$190 in payments 1974, at which time the work is to 0-volume set delivered. I understand, elve an additional bill when the work postage and sales tax if tax applies. set of West Virginia Heritage Series.

as the pupils who got their "larnin'" there have van- ished. In fact, education was not a system then. It was a purely localized method of im- parting the three R's to coun- try children and was con- trolled by trustees who were residents of the locality. Schools opened in late fall after the harvest was over and the children were free from farm chores.

The McGuffey Readers went out around 1900 and the one- room and two-room wooden structures appeared. The lady teachers came on the educa- tional scene and there were slight changes in textbooks and methods. But the em- phasis was still on spelling, reading aloud and arithmetic. The use of printed charts came into use at the turn of the century.

These charts were attached to a metal frame, something like a musician's stand, and the sheets were turned, one over the other, as the teacher taught with a pointer. From this chart the children learned their ABC's. They also learned to spell "Cat" and such sentences as: "O, see dog," "See the dog run," etc. As the pupils advanced, they took part in a Friday after- noon spelling match. The ABC's and the multiplication table were educational "musts" in those days. The boy or girl who came out of these schools and who could not stand up before an audi- ence were stupid indeed.



schoolhouse of 1885

ot under the floor,
owl roosted under
and a green
rew over the door
ed there until the
he term of school,
te September when
was done.

ese old relics of
school system
disappeared, just
s who got their
there have van-
t, education was
n then. It was a
zed method of im-
ree R's to coun-
and was con-
ustees who were
the locality.
ned in late fall
arvest was over
ldren were free
ores.

ey Readers went
900 and the one-
o-room wooden
peared. The lady
e on the educa-
and there were
es in textbooks
But the em-
ill on spelling

Science was not taught in the little "red" schoolhouse. (This is another sentimental description. No schoolhouse in Kanawha was ever painted red.) But there was a textbook called Physiology that sought to give the country children an understanding of their insides; their bones, veins, arteries, viscera, etc. The book was illustrated with crude but realistic drawings. But it was the platform chart that really taught a lesson. The Temperance folks who put over the prohibition amendment never seemed to grasp it. They sought to prohibit by force rather than to teach.

On the first chart page was a picture of a youth, pink cheeked and radiant with health and vitality. Clear eyed, he stared at the class from the chart, like Frank Merriwell, and the caption below the picture told of the advantages of living a clean life.

When the teacher turned the chart page, a horror was disclosed. Here, apparently,

league career came on
12, 1955 when he pitched
hit, no-run contest
the Pittsburgh Pirates
wearing the uniform of
Chicago Cubs.

The big righthander
was relieved by Manager
Hack in the ninth in-
that no-hitter, as he
the first three Pirate
in the ninth inning.

But then he settled
and struck out Dick
Roberto Clemente and
Thomas in order to pre-
his no-hitter as well as
victory.

In 1959 he posted his
major league record —
ning 21 games while lo-
only 14 for the San Fran-
Giants. The next year he
18-14 with the Giants.

Sad Sam, as he was
known (he was also
Toothpick Jones when he
arrived in the major le-
with Cleveland in
pitched briefly for the
nals and Baltimore C
at the tail-end of his
league career.

He then spent four
with the Columbus J
International League
pitcher-coach, and p
record of 23-20 ov
period — mostly in
He was 12-4 for the
a farm club of the P
Pirates — in 1965.

Sad Sam Jones was
Stewartville, Ohio, on
1925 but came to Mari-
ty at an early age and
Grant Town. He pitc
number of area sand
ing into pr

in late fall
est was over
en were free
es.

Readers went
and the one-
oom wooden
red. The lady
n the educa-
there were
n textbooks
ut the em-
on spelling,
arithmetic.
nted charts
the turn of

ere attached
something
stand, and
turned, one
the teacher
nter. From
ren learned
They also
"Cat" and
"O, see
run," etc.
anced, they
iday after-
tch. The
ltiplication
educational
days. The
ame out of
who could
e an audi-
deed.

teach.

On the first chart page was a picture of a youth, pink cheeked and radiant with health and vitality. Clear eyed, he stared at the class from the chart, like Frank Merriwell, and the caption below the picture told of the advantages of living a clean life.

When the teacher turned the chart page, a horror was disclosed. Here, apparently, was the same youth after he had spent a season loafing in the village saloon and consuming various intoxicating drinks. Done in full color, the effect was startling to say the least. Now the said youth was wrinkled, bewhiskered (how alcohol grew whiskers was not explained) and his face was lined with bright varicose veins. He resembled old Simon Slade, a saloon-keeper of "Ten Nights In a Barroom." Every child instantly identified the pictured sot with the town drunkard and resolved then and there to never "take the first drink," the title of a story in a McGuffey Reader. The failure of the temperance people to ignore the handling of liquor at the child level and to try for legal prohibition was one of

(Continued On Page 14)

He then spent four
with the Columbus Je
International League
pitcher-coach, and
record of 23-20
period — mostly
He was 12-4 for the
a farm club of the
Pirates — in 1965.

Sad Sam Jones wa
Stewartville, Ohio, o
1925 but came to Mar
ty at an early age an
Grant Town. He pit
number of area sam
prior to going into p
al baseball with Wil
in the Eastern Leag

He was nickname
by a Wilkes-Bar
writer from his ha
ing a toothpick wh
and appearing to
meditation. The
name was later ad
of his teammates.

In addition to h
is survived by tw
Nick and Mike.

When Sad Sam's
recently publicize
sportscaster San
during the televis
League playoffs, a
who had idolized Jo
his successful day
Giants flew to M
from San Francisco
his bedside.

(Continued On Page 14)

senger travel. But a government agency is trying hard on this one, even as learned scientists are trying cures for our other ailments. 1898, it's long gone.

Log Schoolhouse

(Continued From Page 6)

the tragic failures of the dry era.

On that old school chart was a picture that depicted in violent colors the heart, liver, veins and stomach of an alcoholic. This was something to scare the daylights out of a child. The only thing missing from the pictorial lesson was a sketch of a graveyard and the interment of the poor wretch. That the lesson was not wasted on the kid is borne out by statistics which show that drinking among teenagers of 1900-1909, was negligible.

The laying on of the switch was common in schools. When the fuzzy thinking educators took over after World War I,

things as I and Captain
y have related, are now
s of the past, and well
should be.

getting back to Mc-
s for a moment . . .

Chicago and North-
rn was advertising one
finest trains. It even
n the advertising that
as "electric lighted
hout." This lighting
cluded in the Pullman
and went farther than
indicating individual
lights were available
berth. Its consist in-
buffet-smoking and
car; reclining seat
ullmans, and many
ne things to be con-
in the ultra modern.
ages of the 1898 Mc-
magazine was filled
ssified advertising.
ld buy an all wool
\$4.95, C.O.D., and a
vercoat for \$12.00.
ads depicting "hy-
derwear" were
something. Hygienic,
With the bathing
of that day, they
ad to put something
kill germs.

clean, there was
Order — remem-
A whole page was
this fine soap and
ould make money
g and selling to
— and many did.
Kirk's plan — an-
company — would
wrappers from
t. In fact you could
ng wrappers. For

this "punishment" was abol-
ished. An old newspaper man
saw the danger and wrote a
bit of verse about it:

"Fredrick Froebel was queer
in the brow,

A switch in the schoolroom
he wouldn't allow,

He started a fad, of not using
the gad —

And look at our young folks
now!"

This year the children going
to school may never hear a
school bell. Sentimental folks
still refer in advertisements
and articles to "the school
bell ringing the kids back to
school." Fact is, there hasn't
been a bell used in most
schools for a generation.
Probably the effort necessary
to clang the big hand bell would
be too much for the modern
pedagogue.

September and the beginning
of school term has always
seemed to old-timers as the
end of summer. It was when
they were children. And with
passing of the years, the old
rural school has taken on a
romantic or sentimental aura.
This was best brought out by
Whittier in an old poem con-
cerning a boy and girl com-
ing home from school:

"He saw her lift her eyes;

Footnotes

(Continued From Page 6)

Johnny Bushman, a
year-old Junior college
student from San Francisco,
to Morgantown that night

he felt,
The soft hand's light car-
ing.

He heard the tremble of
voice.

As though a fault confes-

"I'm sorry that I spel-
word;

I hate to go above you,
Because — the brown
lower fell —

Because — you see, I
you."

"Still memory to a
haired man,
A sweet child-face is
ing.

Dear girl! the grasses
her grave
Have fifty years been
ing."

"He lived to learn, in
hard school
How few who pass above
Lament their triumph a
loss,
Like her — because the
him."

punishment" was abol-
An old newspaper man
e danger and wrote a
erse about it:

ck Froebel was queer
e brow,
n in the schoolroom
uldn't allow,
ed a fad, of not using
d —
at our young folks

ar the children going
may never hear a
l. Sentimental folks
in advertisements
s to "the school
g the kids back to
ct is, there hasn't
used in most
r a generation.
e effort necessary
igh hand bell would
n for the modern

and the beginning
erm has always
d-timers as the
er. It was when
ildren. And with
e years, the old
has taken on a
entimental aura.
brought out by
old poem con-
and girl com-
school:

lift her eyes;

Footnotes

(Continued From Page 6)

Johnny Bushman, a 23-
year-old Junior college stu-
dent from San Francisco, flew
to Morgantown that night after

he felt,
The soft hand's light caress-
ing.
He heard the tremble of her
voice.
As though a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the
word;
I hate to go above you,
Because — the brown eyes
lower fell —
Because — you see, I love
you."

"Still memory to a grey-
haired man,
A sweet child-face is show-
ing.
Dear girl! the grasses o'er
her grave
Have fifty years been grow-
ing."

"He lived to learn, in life's
hard school.
How few who pass above him,
Lament their triumph and his
loss,
Like her — because they love
him."

hearing of Jones' illness
the telecast. "Sam had
so much for me when I was
boy," the victim of polio
"that I wanted to come
with him now. My father
of cancer last year and I
what it is like."

Jones described
Bushman, whom he befriended
in 1959, as being "just
a son to me."

The story of their
reunion received national
coverage by the Associated
Press.

BIG NEWS

Important Book

Born Again

REACH ME THE TIN

By Riley Wilson

\$5

Hillbilly
Bookshop

Richwood, W. Va. 26271

Footnotes

(Continued From Page 6)

Johnny Bushman, a 23-year-old Junior college student from San Francisco, flew to Morgantown that night after

he felt, the soft hand's light caressing.

he heard the tremble of her voice.

though a fault confessing.

I'm sorry that I spelt the word;

ate to go above you, cause — the brown eyes lower fell —

cause — you see, I love you."

ill memory to a grey-haired man,

sweet child-face is showing.

r girl! the grasses o'er her grave

e fifty years been growing."

lived to learn, in life's hard school

few who pass above him, sent their triumph and his

hearing of Jones' illness on the telecast. "Sam had done so much for me when I was a boy," the victim of polio said, "that I wanted to come and be with him now. My father died of cancer last year and I know what it is like."

Jones described young Bushman, whom he befriended in 1959, as being "just like a son to me."

The story of their tearful reunion received nationwide coverage by the Associated Press.

BIG NEWS

Important Book

Born Again

REACH ME THE TIN

By Riley Wilson

\$5

Hillbilly
Bookshop

...HILLBILLY - PAGE FIFTEEN
ON THE GO:

we need greater
of mining tech-
our require-
ground labor,
of work-
conditions,
the recovery
reserves.

recent decades,
to research
similar fields
small relative to
the develop-
nuclear power, and
according-
funding from the
the coal in-
electric utilities, and
manufacturers is
itated.

coal is to play
role in meet-
ery problems, we
a reasonable bal-
our economic
and our social
In the years
will urgently need
coal production at
will be accept-
marketplace. At
time, however, we
the abolition
surface mines.
severe li-

ing Se
spoke
tween
ing th
pends
in o
tome
said.

abun
repr
four
mat
res
son
leu
bin
ma
su
tic
hy

so
ec
ti
so
a
a
n
p

The Story of a Little Train Called Little Jim

By Craig Friel in the Pocahontas Times, August 9, 1928



Little Jim

MANY YEARS ago when I was a small boy up in the Huntersville neighborhood, I witnessed a close race between a dog and a cat, the cat getting through a small hole under a porch some eighteen inches ahead of the dog's arrival, and I remarked that that was what I would call a close race, but Jack Loury, who was present, said, "Son, that is what I would call just one durned thing after another," and so it has been just one thing after another that has led up to this sketch and picture.

Two or three years ago while looking over the Old Time exhibit at the Pocahontas County Fair, I met up with a couple of old white pine loggers, and after a pretty close inspection we decided that the pioneer section was not complete without some relic of the white pine days and as we talked it over with others of the old bunch the idea grew and at last we decided to make a model of a real old-timer and place it in Summers McNeel's "Hall of Fame" — and so, ladies and gentlemen, al-

interested as to the why of this small area may get an explanation from Mr. Price's editorial in a recent issue of the Times as this has to do with the taking out of the timber and nothing whatever with the putting it there. We are going to let you look that up yourself.

This engine was shipped by rail to Staunton, Va., and there knocked down and transported on wagons from Staunton to Dunmore, a distance of eighty-five miles and over seven mountains and over roads that were none too good. A man named Frank Genge coming from the Locomotive Works with the engine to set it up and put it in working order.

The first year the Captain built two and one half miles of sixteen pound (to the yard) steel rail from Staunton. After operating on the McCutchen tract for one year he

in Pocahontas, he is about the last.

After finishing the Rimel contract about 1900 "Jim" was sold to another lumber company at August Siding above Marlinton and after a few years was again sold. This time to The Kidd Kirby & Lilly Lumber Co. at Breakneck Siding, just below Beard station and the last time that I saw this engine it was run out on the dock, apparently scrapped and whether or not it was sold as junk or overhauled and used again, I have never been able to find out.

As above stated, "Jim" weighed only about seven tons and had a tractive effort of 160 tons on a dead level and to run it up beside the modern locomotive weighing two hundred and fifty tons with a tractive effort of 7,000 tons or more, it would look mighty small, but this little engine filled a big place in Pocahontas, and I'll bet that it fills a bigger place in Jim Watson's heart than any other engine that he ever ran.

I have not been able to get a complete list of all of the engineers who handled Jim in the pine woods, but some of the first ones were Moore, Russell, Jones, Beales and



Little Jim

dog and a cat. The dog was sitting through a small hole under a porch some eighteen inches ahead of the dog's arrival, and I remarked that that was what I would call a close race, but Jack Loury, who was present, said, "Son, that is what I would call just one durned thing after another," and so it has been just one thing after another that has led up to this sketch and picture.

Two or three years ago while looking over the Old Time exhibit at the Pocahontas County Fair, I met up with a couple of old white pine loggers, and after a pretty close inspection we decided that the pioneer section was not complete without some relic of the white pine days and as we talked it over with others of the old bunch the idea grew and at last we decided to make a model of a real old-timer and place it in Summers McNeel's "Hall of Fame" — and so, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Pocahontas County's first locomotive "Little Jim."

Little Jim was a Porter type, saddle tank, narrow gauge, wood burner equipped with hand brakes, weighed about seven tons and had drive wheels about the size of the modern boxcar wheels, and was first used in the white pine woods near Dunmore about the year of 1885 by Capt. A. E. Smith, who was one of the pioneer white pine operators of Pocahontas County and who was identified with the white pine industry until the original growth was exhausted about the year 1901.

During spare moments as I whittled out the little model for the exhibit, my mind quite naturally drifted back to the days of "Little Jim" and the white pine. I was surprised

interested as to the why of this small area may get an explanation from Mr. Price's editorial in a recent issue of the Times as this has to do with the taking out of the timber and nothing whatever with the putting it there. We are going to let you look that up yourself.

Not very long after the Civil War there was a small amount of white pine cut somewhere in the neighborhood of Clawson Siding or maybe Harter Siding by one Col. Clay, and it was this timber that made up the first log drive to go down the Greenbrier. But it was not until about the year of 1882 that the white pine logging in Pocahontas commenced in earnest, and while from that time on there were various firms and contractors engaged in cutting. It was Smith & Whiting that owned "Jim" and built the first railroad to Pocahontas and were about the best example of the pine industry, and a description of their operations will cover the others, and they might be called the pioneers.

In 1882 Capt. A. E. Smith came to Pocahontas from Pennsylvania under a contract with the St. Lawrence Boom & Mfg. Co. to operate a certain hollow at the lower end of the George Siple place on Deer Creek, at which camp he spent

This engine was shipped by rail to Staunton, Va., and there knocked down and transported on wagons from Staunton to Dunmore, a distance of eighty-five miles and over seven mountains and over roads that were none too good. A man named Frank Genge coming from the Locomotive Works with the engine to set it up and put it in working order.

The first year the Captain built two and one half miles of sixteen pound (to the yard) steel rail from Staunton. After operating on the McCutchen tract for one year he sold out to the Company and they operated for two years, then the Captain went back and ran the works two years for the Company, who after finishing the McCutchen tract, moved their camps and railroad to Cummings Creek near Huntersville, and operated there for one year. This was 1889.

After this one year on Cummings Creek, the St. Lawrence Company quit logging themselves and sold the outfit back to Captain Smith who took in as partners James A. Whiting and Frank Griffith, operating under the name of Smith, Whiting & Co. Mr. Griffith only lived about one year after the forming of this partnership and from his death on, the firm was known as Smith & Whiting.

This partnership was

above mentioned and after a few years was again sold. This time to The Kidd Kirby & Lilly Lumber Co. at Breakneck Siding, just below Beard station and the last time that I saw this engine it was run out on the dock, apparently scrapped and whether or not it was sold as junk or overhauled and used again, I have never been able to find out.

As above stated, "Jim" weighed only about seven tons and had a tractive effort of 160 tons on a dead level and to run it up beside the modern locomotive weighing two hundred and fifty tons with a tractive effort of 7,000 tons or more, it would look mighty small, but this little engine filled a big place in Pocahontas, and I'll bet that it fills a bigger place in Jim Watson's heart than any other engine that he ever ran.

I have not been able to get a complete list of all of the engineers who handled Jim in the pine woods, but some of the first ones were Moore, Russell, Jones, Beales and Watson. After coming to Cummings Creek there were only three. Bob Beales, Len Townes and James Watson. Mr. Watson perhaps running this engine more than any of the others, making the last trip in the pine woods with Harper Smith, now of the First National Bank, as last conductor.

It is said that a man may be classed as being old when he begins to look backward and live in the past. It is pretty hard for the old white pine logger to keep his mind from wandering back to "the good old days" when he had most of his life before him and enough pine resin on his trousers to start a coughdrop factory and tomorrow bothered him not at all.

I never heard of a shortage

so, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Pocahontas County's first locomotive "Little Jim."

Little Jim was a Porter type, saddle tank, narrow gauge, wood burner equipped with hand brakes, weighed about seven tons and had drive wheels about the size of the modern boxcar wheels, and was first used in the white pine woods near Dunmore about the year of 1885 by Capt. A. E. Smith, who was one of the pioneer white pine operators of Pocahontas County and who was identified with the white pine industry until the original growth was exhausted about the year 1901.

During spare moments as I whittled out the little model for the exhibit, my mind quite naturally drifted back to the days of "Little Jim" and the white pine. I was surprised at the number of faces and names that I could recall; many of which I had not seen or heard of in thirty years. Thinking that others of the old bunch might be interested, decided to try to dig up the history of "Jim" and called upon Capt. Smith to help me out. In order to get as many facts as possible he called a meeting of about thirty of the old boys in a kind of a reunion at Odie Johnson's restaurant where they had an old-time camp dinner and talked over old times. From all accounts it was a most enjoyable time spent in recalling the days of "Auld Lang Syne" in the pine woods, and I wish to acknowledge with thanks the notes furnished by Captain Smith, Reed Griffith, Howard McElwee, Harper Smith, Auburn Friel and George Ginger, which

made up the first log drive to go down the Greenbrier. But it was not until about the year of 1882 that the white pine logging in Pocahontas commenced in earnest, and while from that time on there were various firms and contractors engaged in cutting. It was Smith & Whiting that owned "Jim" and built the first railroad to Pocahontas and were about the best example of the pine industry, and a description of their operations will cover the others, and they might be called the pioneers.

In 1882 Capt. A. E. Smith came to Pocahontas from Pennsylvania under a contract with the St. Lawrence Boom & Mfg. Co. to operate a certain hollow at the lower end of the George Siple place on Deer Creek, at which camp he spent two years.

His next contract was what was known as the Geiger tract facing on the Greenbrier River above Letherbark ford, the camps being located on Deer Creek on the old Jacob Hughes place.

The next year he built camps at the mouth of Clay Hollow on Deer Creek and operated a section of timber bought by the St. Lawrence Boom & Mfg. Co. known as the Ben Butler or Wilson Survey, this being his last work on Deer Creek.

In the spring of 1885 he took a contract on what was known as the McCutchen tract near Dunmore, which because of its location had to be operated by railroad and as his contract called for his furnishing his own equipment, he went to the H. K. Porter Locomotive Co. at Pittsburgh and contracted for the engine known as "Little Jim."

After operating on the McCutchen tract for one year he sold out to the Company and they operated for two years, then the Captain went back and ran the works two years for the Company, who after finishing the McCutchen tract, moved their camps and railroad to Cummings Creek near Huntersville, and operated there for one year. This was 1889.

After this one year on Cummings Creek, the St. Lawrence Company quit logging themselves and sold the outfit back to Captain Smith who took in as partners James A. Whiting and Frank Griffith, operating under the name of Smith, Whiting & Co. Mr. Griffith only lived about one year after the formation of this partnership and from his death on, the firm was known as Smith & Whiting.

This partnership was formed about the year 1890. After finishing up in the Cummings Creek neighborhood, the camps and railroad were moved to Rimel near the top of Allegheny where they operated something like four years and while this was "Jim's" last work in the white pine, Smith & Whiting continued operating at various places until the pine was finished. Their last drive from Knapps Creek was in the spring of 1901. The camps this season having been located on my father's farm two miles above Huntersville. After the white pine was gone they operated in the hemlock and spruce timber at Whiting Siding, three miles west of Durbin, operating on a large sawmill and railroad there, but on this railroad they used geared engines because of the heavy grade.

This is if I remember right-

engineers who handled Jim in the pine woods, but some of the first ones were Moore, Russell, Jones, Beales and Watson. After coming to Cummings Creek there were only three. Bob Beales, Len Townes and James Watson. Mr. Watson perhaps running this engine more than any of the others, making the last trip in the pine woods with Harper Smith, now of the First National Bank, as last conductor.

It is said that a man may be classed as being old when he begins to look backward and live in the past. It is pretty hard for the old white pine logger to keep his mind from wandering back to "the good old days" when he had most of his life before him and enough pine resin on his trousers to start a coughdrop factory and tomorrow bothered him not at all.

I never heard of a shortage of men in the white pine days, and season after season when the camps opened up along about July there was practically the same old bunch back ready to drop right in where they had left off. They worked hard, were paid well, fed on the best that could be had and no charging for board, and whether one was working or not no one was turned away without being asked to eat, and very few declined the invitation. If a man got sick or crippled, he had the combined help of the company and the other men. These are some of the reasons why some of the men who worked for Captain Smith on his first job on Deer Creek were with him when he finished in the white pine some twenty years later.

The old pine camps were well organized affairs, being divided into various departments, the cutting generally

for the exhibit, my mind quite naturally drifted back to the days of "Little Jim" and the white pine. I was surprised at the number of faces and names that I could recall; many of which I had not seen or heard of in thirty years. Thinking that others of the old bunch might be interested, decided to try to dig up the history of "Jim" and called upon Capt. Smith to help me out. In order to get as many facts as possible he called a meeting of about thirty of the old boys in a kind of a reunion at Odie Johnson's restaurant where they had an old-time camp dinner and talked over old times. From all accounts it was a most enjoyable time spent in recalling the days of "Auld Lang Syne" in the pine woods, and I wish to acknowledge with thanks the notes furnished by Captain Smith, Reed Griffith, Howard McElwee, Harper Smith, Auburn Friel and George Ginger which contained items of interest not only of "Jim" but the white pine days in general and so I will pass them on.

Pocahontas seems to have a monopoly on West Virginia's white pine supply, there being a white pine belt some fifty or sixty miles long by eight or ten miles wide between the top of the Allegheny Mountain and Greenbrier River. Anyone

lived. About one year after the formi. of this partnership and from his death on, the firm was known as Smith & Whiting.

This partnership was formed about the year 1890. After finishing up in the Cummings Creek neighborhood, the camps and railroad were moved to Rimel near the top of Allegheny where they operated something like four years and while this was "Jim's" last work in the white pine, Smith & Whiting continued operating at various places until the pine was finished. Their last drive from Knapps Creek was in the spring of 1901. The camps this season having been located on my father's farm two miles above Huntersville. After the white pine was gone they operated in the hemlock and spruce timber at Whiting Siding, three miles west of Durbin, operating on a large sawmill and railroad there, but on this railroad they used geared engines because of the heavy grade.

The next year he built camps at the mouth of Clay Hollow on Deer Creek and operated a section of timber bought by the St. Lawrence Boom & Mfg. Co. known as the Ben Butler or Wilson Survey, this being his last work on Deer Creek.

In the spring of 1885 he took a contract on what was known as the McCutchen tract near Dunmore, which because of its location had to be operated by railroad and as his contract called for his furnishing his own equipment, he went to the H. K. Porter Locomotive Co. at Pittsburgh and contracted for the engine known as "Little Jim."

When the engine was finished, they asked him what name to stencil on it, that is, what was the name of his railroad. The Captain, it seems, had not taken the trouble to name it anything, but thinking of his baby boy at home he decided to name it after him, so he told them to name it "Jim" and the name stuck.

About one year after the formi. of this partnership and from his death on, the firm was known as Smith & Whiting.

This, if I remember rightly, was Smith & Whiting's last large operation in Pocahontas County at the completion of which the partnership ended, and Mr. Whiting died a few years later.

Captain Smith still lives at Marlinton and may be seen at his office most every week day, and while he was among the first white pine operators

back to "the good old days" when he had most of his life before him and enough pine resin on his trousers to start a cough drop factory and tomorrow bothered him not at all.

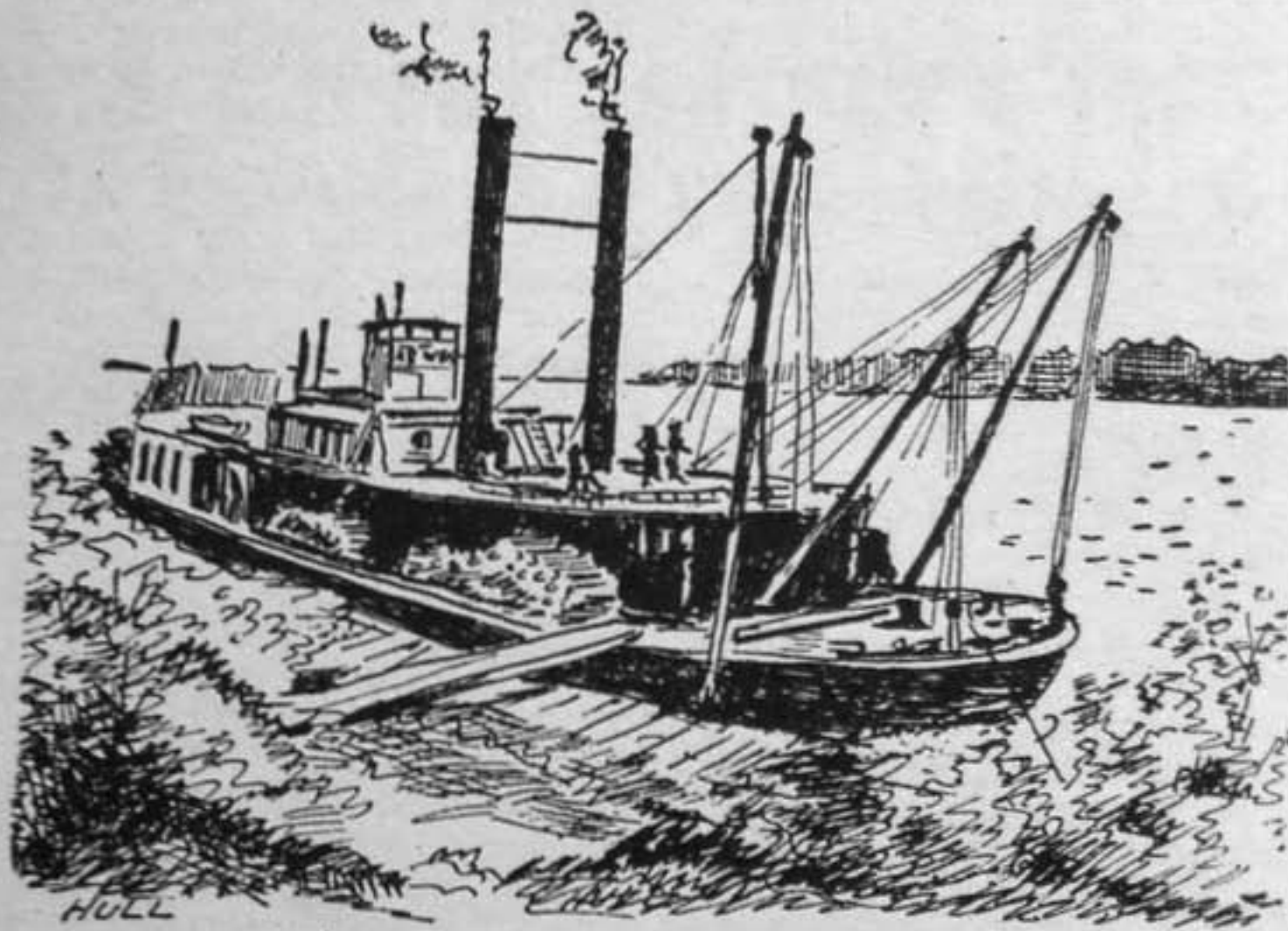
I never heard of a shortage of men in the white pine days, and season after season when the camps opened up along about July there was practically the same old bunch back ready to drop right in where they had left off. They worked hard, were paid well, fed on the best that could be had and no charging for board, and whether one was working or not no one was turned away without being asked to eat, and very few declined the invitation. If a man got sick or crippled, he had the combined help of the company and the other men. These are some of the reasons why some of the men who worked for Captain Smith on his first job on Deer Creek were with him when he finished in the white pine some twenty years later.

The old pine camps were well organized affairs, being divided into various departments, the cutting generally being subcontracted, the contractor furnishing his own equipment and camps, and his work was to cut down the trees, cut them into various lengths and take off the bark and if it was work that one was looking for, it could be found in the cutting crew. A cutting crew consisted of

(Continued On Page 12)

outs

H E
West
to
ands
a in
f the
rs,
iece
nce,
of
une
ory
yed
in
ns.
w-
nt
ly
of
is
ns
y-
ll
e
y

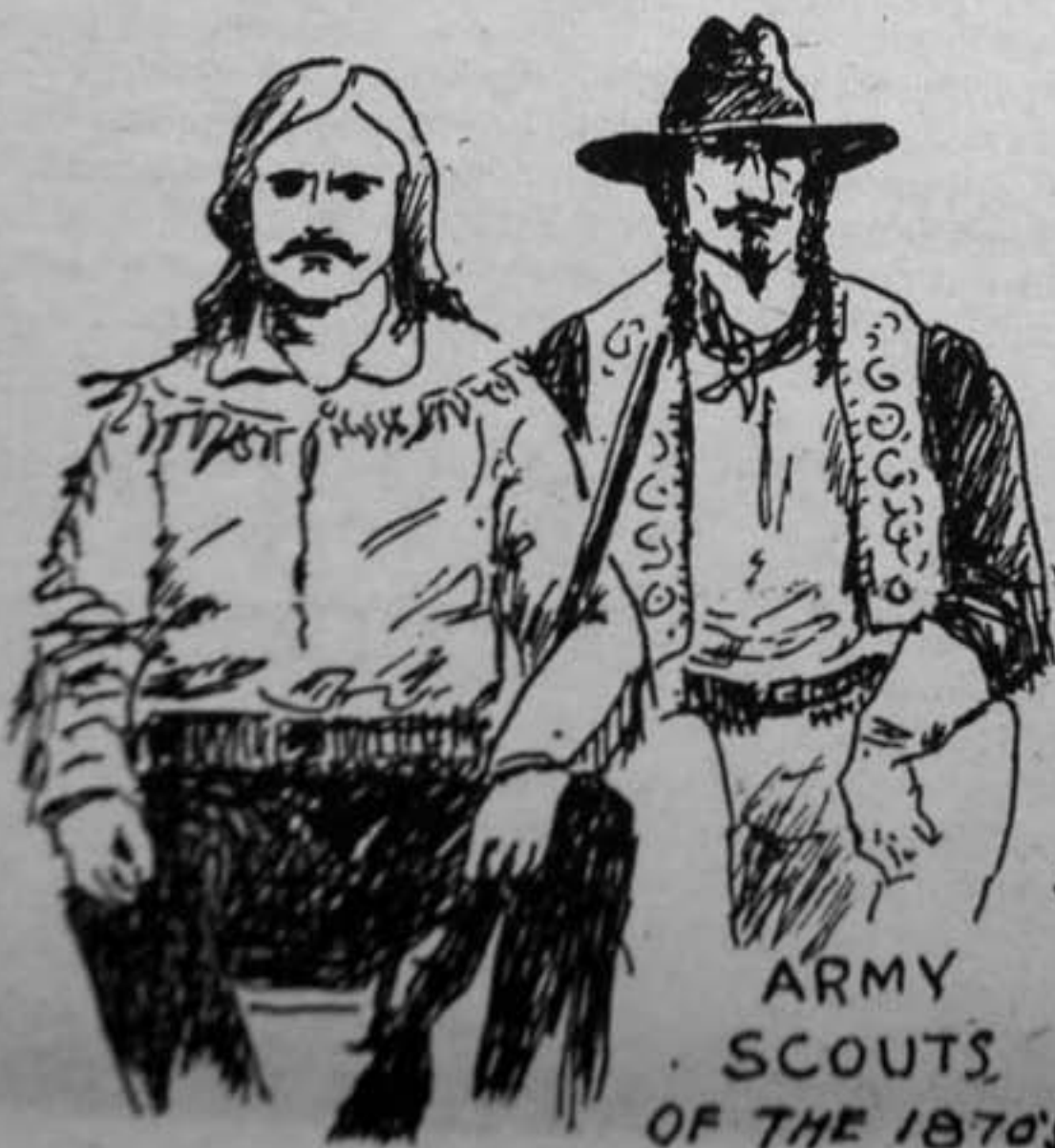


STEAMBOAT FAR WEST.

from
Photos



GEN. GEO. CROOK, INDIAN FIGHTER.
KNOWN IN KANAWHA
IN CIVIL WAR DAYS



ARMY
SCOUTS
OF THE 1870'S.

A
WEST VIRGINIAN
SLEEPS FAR
FROM HOME



FORREST HULL

MARION COUNTY MAN FELL VICTIM TO REDSKINS FOLLOWING MASSACRE

on the white pine logging operation in Pocahontas, was a

men's too by now. The last one whom I remember was an old gentleman named McElwee who died three or four years ago in Marlinton. He was quite old."

The Story of a Little Train Called Little Jim

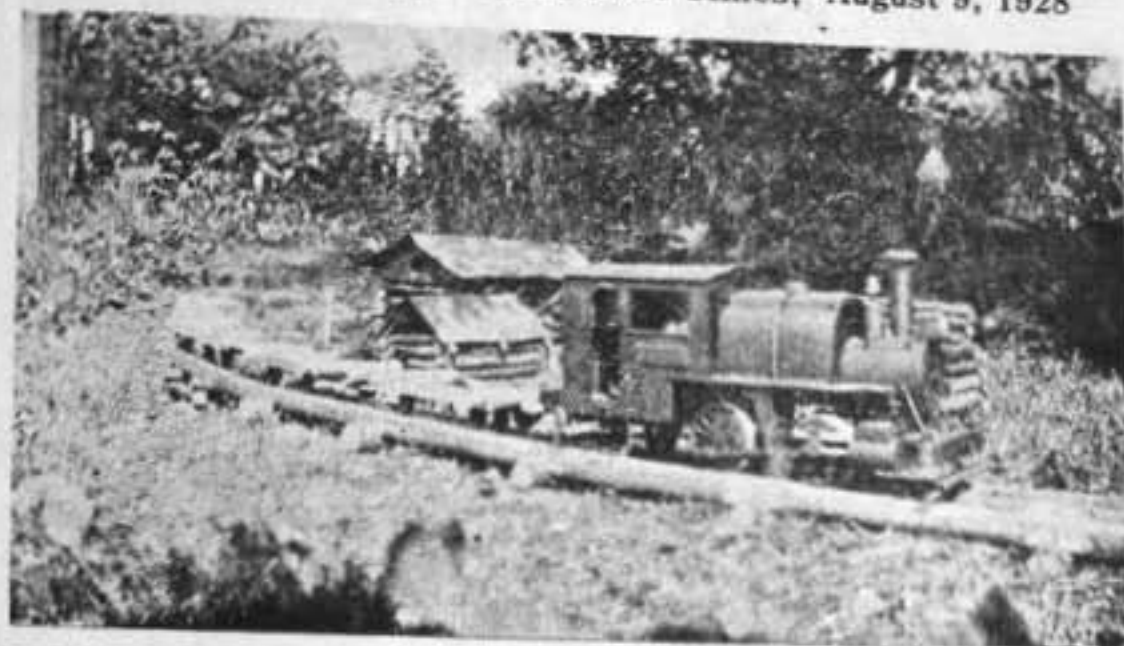
By Craig Friel in the Pocahontas Times, August 9, 1928



ANY YEARS ago when I was a small boy up in the Huntersville neighborhood, I witnessed a close race between a dog and a cat, the cat getting through a small hole under a porch some eighteen inches ahead of the dog's arrival, and I remarked that that was what I would call a close race, but Jack Loury, who was present, said, "Son, that is what I would call just one durned thing after another," and so it has been just one thing after another that has led up to this sketch and picture.

Two or three years ago while looking over the Old Time exhibit at the Pocahontas County Fair, I met up with a couple of old white pine loggers, and after a pretty close inspection we decided that the pioneer section was not complete without some relic of the white pine days and as we talked it over with others of the old bunch the idea grew and at last we decided to make a model of a real old-timer and place it in Summers McNeel's "Hall of Fame" — and so, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Pocahontas County's first locomotive "Little Jim."

Little Jim was a Porter type, saddle tank, narrow gauge, wood burner equipped with hand brakes, weighed about seven tons and had drive wheels about the size of the



Little Jim

interested as to the why of this small area may get an explanation from Mr. Price's editorial in a recent issue of the Times as this has to do with the taking out of the timber and nothing whatever with the putting it there. We are going to let you look that up yourself.

Not very long after the Civil War there was a small amount of white pine cut somewhere in the neighborhood of Clawson Siding or maybe Harter Siding by one Col. Clay, and it was this timber that made up the first log drive to go down the Greenbrier. But it was not until about the year of 1882 that the white pine logging in Pocahontas commenced in earnest, and while from that time on there were various firms and contractors engaged in cutting.

This engine was shipped by rail to Staunton, Va., and there knocked down and transported on wagons from Staunton to Dunmore, a distance of eighty-five miles and over seven mountains and over roads that were none too good. A man named Frank Genge coming from the Locomotive Works with the engine to set it up and put it in working order.

The first year the Captain built two and one half miles of sixteen pound (to the yard) steel rail from Staunton. After operating on the McCutchen tract for one year he sold out to the Company and they operated for two years, then the Captain went back and ran the works two years for the Company, who after finishing the McCutchen tract, moved their camps and railroad to Cummings Creek near Huntersville, and operated

in Pocahontas, he is about the last.

After finishing the Rimel contract about 1900 "Jim" was sold to another lumber company at August Siding above Marlinton and after a few years was again sold. This time to The Kidd Kirby & Lilly Lumber Co. at Breakneck Siding, just below Beard station and the last time that I saw this engine it was run out on the dock, apparently scrapped and whether or not it was sold as junk or overhauled and used again, I have never been able to find out.

As above stated, "Jim" weighed only about seven tons and had a tractive effort of 160 tons on a dead level and to run it up beside the modern locomotive weighing two hundred and fifty tons with a tractive effort of 7,000 tons or more, it would look mighty small, but this little engine filled a big place in Pocahontas, and I'll bet that it fills a bigger place in Jim Watson's heart than any other engine that he ever ran.

I have not been able to get a complete list of all of the engineers who handled Jim in the pine woods, but some of the first ones were Moore, Russell, Jones, Beales and Watson. After coming to Cummings Creek there were only three. Bob Beales, Len Townes and James Watson. Mr. Watson perhaps running this engine more than any of the others, making the last trip in the pine woods with

another that has been this sketch and picture.
Two or three years ago while looking over the Old Time exhibit at the Pocahontas County Fair, I met up with a couple of old white pine loggers, and after a pretty close inspection we decided that the pioneer section was not complete without some relic of the white pine days and as we talked it over with others of the old bunch the idea grew and at last we decided to make a model of a real old-timer and place it in Summers McNeel's "Hall of Fame" — and so, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Pocahontas County's first locomotive "Little Jim."

Little Jim was a Porter type, saddle tank, narrow gauge, wood burner equipped with hand brakes, weighed about seven tons and had drive wheels about the size of the modern boxcar wheels, and was first used in the white pine woods near Dunmore about the year of 1885 by Capt. A. E. Smith, who was one of the pioneer white pine operators of Pocahontas County and who was identified with the white pine industry until the original growth was exhausted about the year 1901.

During spare moments as I whittled out the little model for the exhibit, my mind quite naturally drifted back to the days of "Little Jim" and the white pine. I was surprised at the number of faces and names that I could recall; many of which I had not seen or heard of in thirty years. Thinking that others of the old bunch might be interested, decided to try to dig up the history of "Jim" and called upon Capt. Smith to help me out. In order to get as many facts as possible he called a meeting of about thirty of

interested as to the why of this small area may get an explanation from Mr. Price's editorial in a recent issue of the Times as this has to do with the taking out of the timber and nothing whatever with the putting it there. We are going to let you look that up yourself.

Not very long after the Civil War there was a small amount of white pine cut somewhere in the neighborhood of Clawson Siding or maybe Harter Siding by one Col. Clay, and it was this timber that made up the first log drive to go down the Greenbrier. But it was not until about the year of 1882 that the white pine logging in Pocahontas commenced in earnest, and while from that time on there were various firms and contractors engaged in cutting. It was Smith & Whiting that owned "Jim" and built the first railroad to Pocahontas and were about the best example of the pine industry, and a description of their operations will cover the others, and they might be called the pioneers.

In 1882 Capt. A. E. Smith came to Pocahontas from Pennsylvania under a contract with the St. Lawrence Boom & Mfg. Co. to operate a certain hollow at the lower end of the George Siple place on Deer Creek, at which camp he spent two years.

His next contract was what was known as the Geiger tract facing on the Greenbrier River above Letherbark ford, the camps being located on Deer Creek on the old Jacob Hughes place.

The next year he built camps at the mouth of Clay Hollow on Deer Creek and operated a section of timber bought by the St. Lawrence Boom & Mfg.

This engine was shipped by rail to Staunton, Va., and there knocked down and transported on wagons from Staunton to Dunmore, a distance of eighty-five miles and over seven mountains and over roads that were none too good. A man named Frank Genge coming from the Locomotive Works with the engine to set it up and put it in working order.

The first year the Captain built two and one half miles of sixteen pound (to the yard) steel rail from Staunton. After operating on the McCutchen tract for one year he sold out to the Company and they operated for two years, then the Captain went back and ran the works two years for the Company, who after finishing the McCutchen tract, moved their camps and railroad to Cummings Creek near Huntersville, and operated there for one year. This was 1889.

After this one year on Cummings Creek, the St. Lawrence Company quit logging themselves and sold the outfit back to Captain Smith who took in as partners James A. Whiting and Frank Griffith, operating under the name of Smith, Whiting & Co. Mr. Griffith only lived about one year after the forming of this partnership and from his death on, the firm was known as Smith & Whiting.

This partnership was formed about the year 1890. After finishing up in the Cummings Creek neighborhood, the camps and railroad were moved to Rimel near the top of Allegheny where they operated something like four years and while this was "Jim's" last work in the white pine, Smith & Whiting continued operating at various places until the pine was finished. Their last drive

weighed only about seven tons and had a tractive effort of 160 tons on a dead level and to run it up beside the modern locomotive weighing two hundred and fifty tons with a tractive effort of 7,000 tons or more, it would look mighty small, but this little engine filled a big place in Pocahontas, and I'll bet that it fills a bigger place in Jim Watson's heart than any other engine that he ever ran.

I have not been able to get a complete list of all of the engineers who handled Jim in the pine woods, but some of the first ones were Moore, Russell, Jones, Beales and Watson. After coming to Cummings Creek there were only three. Bob Beales, Len Townes and James Watson. Mr. Watson perhaps running this engine more than any of the others, making the last trip in the pine woods with Harper Smith, now of the First National Bank, as last conductor.

It is said that a man may be classed as being old when he begins to look backward and live in the past. It is pretty hard for the old white pine logger to keep his mind from wandering back to "the good old days" when he had most of his life before him and enough pine resin on his trousers to start a cough drop factory and tomorrow bothered him not at all.

I never heard of a shortage of men in the white pine days, and season after season when the camps opened up along about July there was practically the same old bunch back ready to drop right in where they had left off. They worked hard, were paid well, fed on the best that could be had and no charging for board, and whether one was working or not no one was turned away without being asked to eat, and very few declined the in-

...of Pocahontas County and who was identified with the white pine industry until the original growth was exhausted about the year 1901.

During spare moments as I worked out the little model for the exhibit, my mind quite naturally drifted back to the days of "Little Jim" and the white pine. I was surprised at the number of faces and names that I could recall, many of which I had not seen or heard of in thirty years. Thinking that others of the old bunch might be interested, decided to try to dig up the history of "Jim" and called upon Capt. Smith to help me out. In order to get as many facts as possible he called a meeting of about thirty of the old boys in a kind of a reunion at Odie Johnson's restaurant where they had an old-time camp dinner and talked over old times. From all accounts it was a most enjoyable time spent in recalling the days of "Auld Lang Syne" in the pine woods, and I wish to acknowledge with thanks the notes furnished by Captain Smith, Reed Griffith, Howard McElwee, Harper Smith, Auburn Friel and George Ginger which contained items of interest not only of "Jim" but the white pine days in general and so I will pass them on.

Pocahontas seems to have a monopoly on West Virginia's white pine supply, there being a white pine belt some fifty or sixty miles long by eight or ten miles wide between the top of the Allegheny Mountain and Greenbrier River. Anyone

...others, and they might be called the pioneers.

In 1882 Capt. A. E. Smith came to Pocahontas from Pennsylvania under a contract with the St. Lawrence Boom & Mfg. Co. to operate a certain hollow at the lower end of the George Siple place on Deer Creek, at which camp he spent two years.

His next contract was what was known as the Geiger tract facing on the Greenbrier River above Letherbark ford, the camps being located on Deer Creek on the old Jacob Hughes place.

The next year he built camps at the mouth of Clay Hollow on Deer Creek and operated a section of timber bought by the St. Lawrence Boom & Mfg. Co. known as the Ben Butler or Wilson Survey, this being his last work on Deer Creek.

In the spring of 1885 he took a contract on what was known as the McCutchen tract near Dunmore, which because of its location had to be operated by railroad and as his contract called for his furnishing his own equipment, he went to the H. K. Porter Locomotive Co. at Pittsburgh and contracted for the engine known as "Little Jim."

When the engine was finished, they asked him what name to stencil on it, that is, what was the name of his railroad. The Captain, it seems, had not taken the trouble to name it anything, but thinking of his baby boy at home he decided to name it after him, so he told them to name it "Jim" and the name stuck.

...logging themselves and sold the outfit back to Captain Smith who took in as partners James A. Whiting and Frank Griffith, operating under the name of Smith, Whiting Co. Mr. Griffith only lived about one year after the forming of this partnership and from his death on, the firm was known as Smith & Whiting.

This partnership was formed about the year 1890. After finishing up in the Cummings Creek neighborhood, the camps and railroad were moved to Rimel near the top of Allegheny where they operated something like four years and while this was "Jim's" last work in the white pine, Smith & Whiting continued operating at various places until the pine was finished. Their last drive from Knapps Creek was in the spring of 1901. The camps this season having been located on my father's farm two miles above Huntersville. After the white pine was gone they operated in the hemlock and spruce timber at Whiting Siding, three miles west of Durbin, operating on a large sawmill and railroad there, but on this railroad they used geared engines because of the heavy grade.

This, if I remember rightly, was Smith & Whiting's last large operation in Pocahontas County at the completion of which the partnership ended, and Mr. Whiting died a few years later.

Captain Smith still lives at Marlinton and may be seen at his office most every week day, and while he was among the first white pine operators

...man may be classed as being old when he begins to look backward and live in the past. It is pretty hard for the old white pine logger to keep his mind from wandering back to "the good old days" when he had most of his life before him and enough pine resin on his trousers to start a cough drop factory and tomorrow bothered him not at all.

I never heard of a shortage of men in the white pine days, and season after season when the camps opened up along about July there was practically the same old bunch back ready to drop right in where they had left off. They worked hard, were paid well, fed on the best that could be had and no charging for board, and whether one was working or not no one was turned away without being asked to eat, and very few declined the invitation. If a man got sick or crippled, he had the combined help of the company and the other men. These are some of the reasons why some of the men who worked for Captain Smith on his first job on Deer Creek were with him when he finished in the white pine some twenty years later.

The old pine camps were well organized affairs, being divided into various departments, the cutting generally being subcontracted, the contractor furnishing his own equipment and camps, and his work was to cut down the trees, cut them into various lengths and take off the bark and if it was work that one was looking for, it could be found in the cutting crew. A cutting crew consisted of

(Continued On Page 12)

...I believe. He used to be a fairly
...the Pocahontas Times, from which pe
...is taken. He has long since gone to his restin
...fairly sure that all the old white pine loggers ha
...eirs too by now. The last one whom I remember
...ntleman named McElwee who died three or fou
...Marlinton. He was quite old."

Called Little Jim

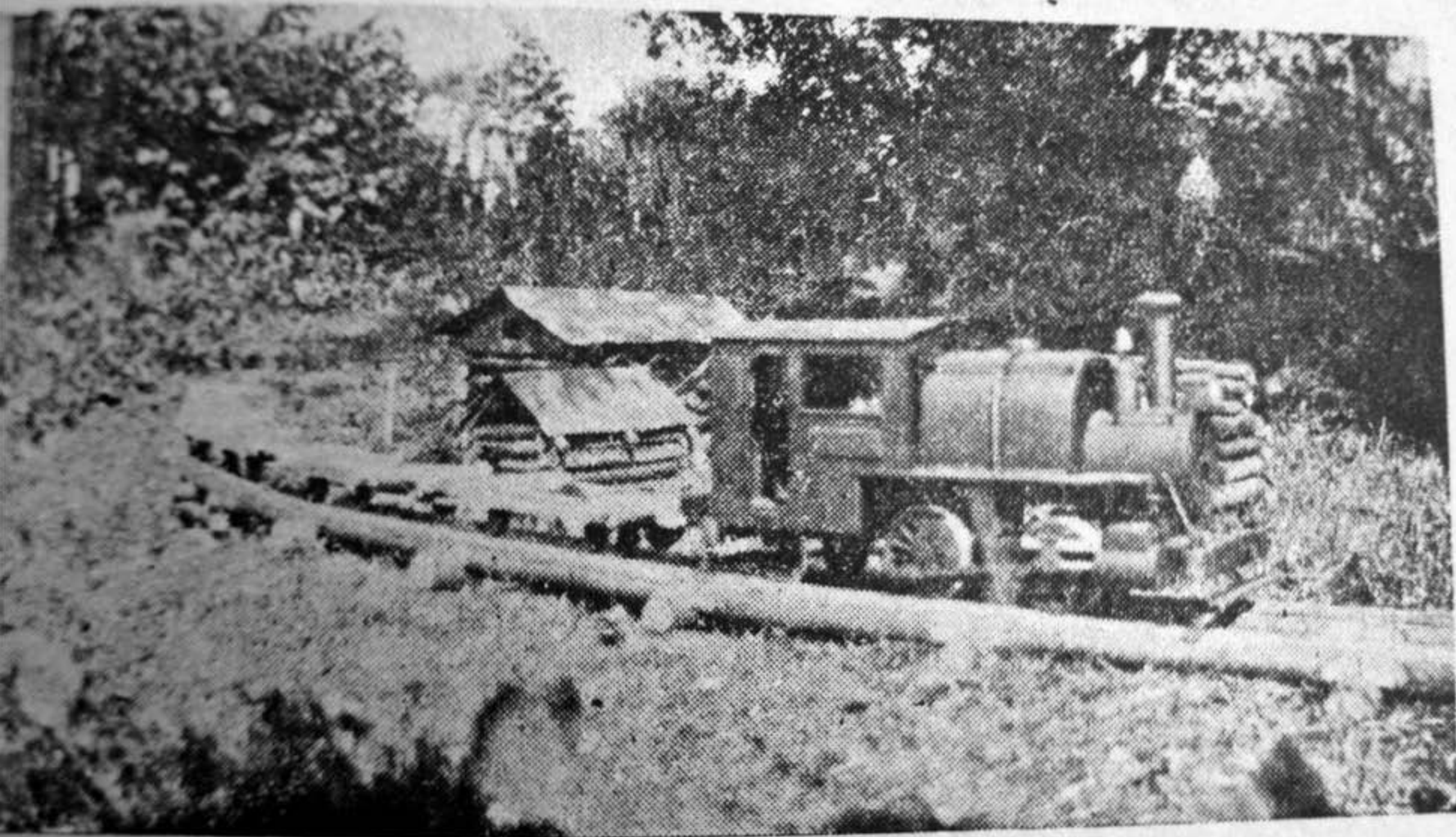
es, August 9, 1928



in Pocahontas
last.

After fir
contract
was sold
company
above M

By Craig Friel in the Pocahontas Times, August 9, 1928



Little Jim

interested as to the why of This engine was shipped by
and there

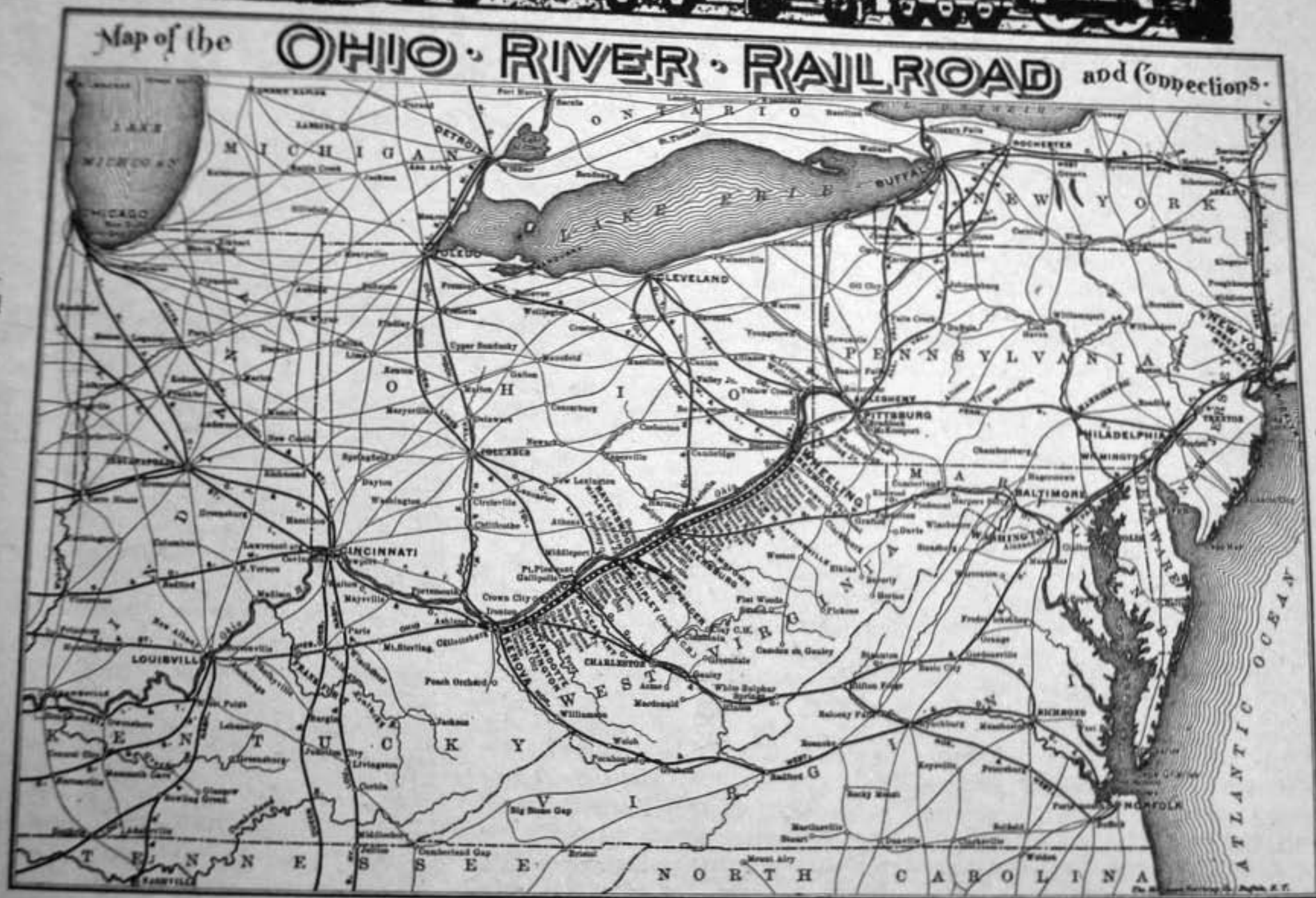
Steam In The Hills Steam



able

Years

T A MU-
m it would
a collec-
of time-
es of rail-
the rails
In trunks
enir boxes
sts there
ch to be
e of the
d. It is
any left
able, but
who rode
horse in
of care-
lor cars
of din-
ey know
comfort.
ou buffs



Take Your Meals at the Ohio River Railroad Restaurant, Pt. Pleasant. All Trains Stop for Meals.

Time Table

Down The Years



WHAT A MUSEUM it would be, a collection of time-tables of railroad which rode the rails which sing no more! In trunks and attics, in souvenir boxes and keep-sake chests there undoubtedly are such to be found. Like this one of the Ohio River Railroad. It is doubtful that there's any left who used this timetable, but there are many left who rode the Ohio River iron horse in its day. Ah, that day of care-free abandon, of parlor cars and Pullman sections, of diners and speed (as they know it) and safety and comfort. Read it and weep, you buffs of steam.



Take Your Meals at the Ohio River Railroad Restaurant

OHIO RIVER RAILROAD

OHIO RIVER R

ILLY
Virginia is
ally for the
listered as
or and pub
m readers
al exchange
air work
ge. Poetry
y. Tuition
National
y Hand
Third
Youth
ampus
Cherry
ing and
eavers
South
pholies
Hotel
Ohio
whistle
rison

OHIO RIVER R.R.

TIME TABLES OF THROUGH PASSENGER TRAINS

IN EFFECT
June 27, 1897.

W. E. ARCHER,
General Agent,
CINCINNATI, O.



VIEW OF PARLOR CARS
OHIO RIVER RAILROAD

OHIO RIVER RAILROAD

OHIO RIVER RAILROAD.

STATIONS.	SOUTH-BOUND.				
	No. 8. Accom- modates Daily.	No. 1. Queen City Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 3. Express Daily.	No. 5. Accom- modates Daily.	No. 7. Accom- modates Daily Ex. Sun.
Lv Wheeling	6:30 am	7:30 am			
Lv Newwood	6:45 am				
Lv Mountsville	7:00 am	7:50 am			
Lv Fowlston	7:15 am				
Lv Woodland	7:30 am				
Lv Charleston	7:45 am				
Lv Proctor	8:00 am				
Lv Harroville	8:15 am				
Lv New Martinsville	8:30 am	8:30 am			
Lv Sardis	8:45 am				
Lv Padens Valley	9:00 am				
Lv Sistersville	9:15 am	8:57 am			
Lv Friendly	9:30 am				
Lv Long Beach	9:45 am				
Lv Ben's Run	10:00 am				
Lv Haven Rock	10:15 am				
Lv St. Marys	10:30 am				
Lv Vanluse			2:35 pm		
Lv Belmont	9:00 am		2:42 pm		
Lv Eureka	9:10 am			7:10 pm	
Lv Salama				7:14 pm	
Lv Willow Island	9:15 am				
Lv Waverly	9:22 am				
Lv Williamstown	9:30 am	9:51 am			
Lv Parkersburg	10:00 am	10:10 am			
Lv Parkersburg		10:10 am			
Lv Harris Ferry				6:50 am	
Lv Belleville				7:15 am	
Lv Murrayville				7:20 am	
Lv Muses Bottom				7:40 am	
Lv Sherman				7:45 am	
Lv Ravenswood		11:10 am		7:55 am	
Lv Pleasant View				8:04 am	
Lv Willow Grove					
Lv Millwood				8:20 am	
Lv School House				8:25 am	
Lv Letart					
Lv Graham				8:40 am	
Lv New Haven				8:50 am	
Lv Hartford				9:00 am	
Lv Mason City		11:50 am		9:05 am	
Lv Clifton				9:12 am	
Lv Spelman				9:17 am	
Lv Pleasant				9:24 am	
Lv Pl. Pleasant				9:30 am	
Lv Gallipolis Ferry				9:55 am	
Lv Ben Lomond				10:07 am	
Lv Apple Grove				10:17 am	
Lv Glenwood				10:25 am	
Lv Crown City				10:35 am	
Lv Leasage				10:45 am	
Lv Cokes				10:58 am	
Lv Guyandotte				11:08 am	
Lv Huntington		1:35 pm		11:14 am	
Lv Central City				11:23 am	
Lv Ceredo				11:30 am	
Lv Kenova		1:50 pm		11:42 am	

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. ‡ Stop for Meals.
‡ Will stop on signal.
Parlor Car on Train No. 1 between Wheeling and Kenova.
Parlor Car on Train No. 3 between Pittsburg and Parkersburg.

OHIO RIVER RAILROAD

OHIO RIVER RAILROAD.

STATIONS.	NORTH-BOUND.				
	No. 6. Accom- modates Daily.	No. 2. N. Y. Flyer Daily.	No. 10. Accom- modates Daily.	No. 4. Express Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 8. Accom- modates Daily Ex. Sun.
Lv Kenova		7:30 am			
Lv Ceredo					
Lv Central City		7:42 am			
Lv Huntington		7:55 am			
Lv Guyandotte		8:05 am			
Lv Cokes		8:15 am			
Lv Leasage		8:25 am			
Lv Crown City		8:35 am			
Lv Glenwood		8:45 am			
Lv Ben Lomond		8:55 am			
Lv Gallipolis Ferry		9:05 am			
Lv Pl. Pleasant		9:15 am			
Lv Pl. Pleasant		9:20 am			
Lv Spelman		9:45 am			
Lv Clifton		9:55 am			
Lv Mason City		10:00 am			
Lv Hartford		10:07 am			
Lv New Haven		10:12 am			
Lv Graham		10:21 am			
Lv Letart		10:39 am			
Lv School House				4:40 pm	
Lv Millwood		10:44 am		4:57 pm	
Lv Willow Grove		10:50 am			
Lv Pleasant View					
Lv Ravenswood		11:10 am		5:18 pm	
Lv Sherman		11:18 am			
Lv Muses Bottom		11:27 am			
Lv Murrayville		11:35 am			
Lv Belleville		11:45 am		5:45 pm	
Lv Harris Ferry		11:55 am			
Lv Parkersburg		12:05 pm			
Lv Parkersburg		7:10 am			
Lv Williamstown		7:34 am			
Lv Waverly		7:47 am			
Lv Willow Island		7:54 am			
Lv Salama					
Lv Eureka		8:00 am		4:06 pm	
Lv Belmont		8:05 am	1:12 pm	4:11 pm	
Lv Vanluse					
Lv St. Marys		8:14 am	1:20 pm	4:20 pm	7:17 pm
Lv Haven Rock		8:25 am		4:28 pm	
Lv Ben's Run		8:32 am		4:37 pm	
Lv Long Beach		8:39 am		4:47 pm	
Lv Friendly		8:42 am	1:44 pm		7:27 pm
Lv Sistersville		9:00 am	1:56 pm		7:56 pm
Lv Padens Valley		9:10 am			
Lv Sardis		9:13 am			
Lv New Martinsville		9:22 am			8:18 pm
Lv Harroville		9:25 am			
Lv Proctor		9:34 am			
Lv Charleston		9:44 am			
Lv Woodland		9:50 am			
Lv Fowlston		10:00 am			
Lv Mountsville		10:17 am			
Lv Newwood		10:35 am			
Lv Wheeling		10:50 am			

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. ‡ Stop for Meals.
‡ Will stop on signal.
Parlor Car on Train No. 2 between Kenova and Pittsburg.
Parlor Car on Train No. 10 between Parkersburg and Pittsburg.

OHIO RIVER RAILROAD

TRAIN NO. 1 THE

New York

Leave KENOVA - - -
Leave HUNTINGTON -
Leave PARKERSBURG -
Leave MARIETTA - -
Arrive NEW YORK - -

Via P. C. C. & St. L.
Pennsylvania

PARLOR CAR KENOVA TO

TRAINS NOS. 3
HAVE

PARLOR CARS

BETWEEN

Parkersburg & Pittsburg

WITHOUT CHANGING

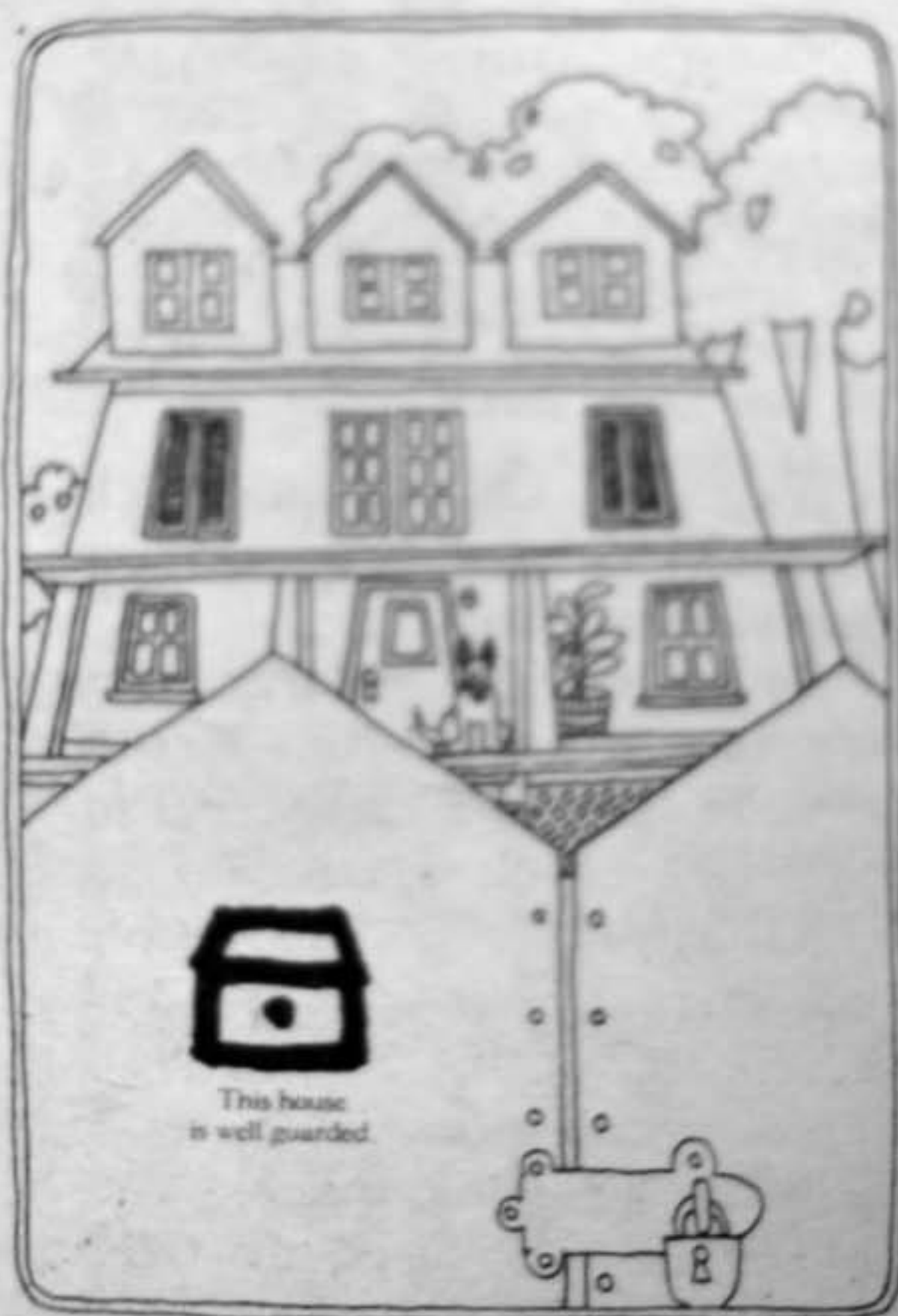
SEAT FARE 75

HORO

to believe that an engineer,
fighting a balky diesel engine,

It is not known e
labor management

HOBBO SIGNS



to believe
fighting a
could very
order wh
moving u
Moving d
more unth

But the
man in ch
make it w
ber, after
while, I ch
charge ab
operators
crews
radio. He
tion and
to shake
face and
going to
see!" Mo
couldn't,
be done,
son than
the thing

It wasn't
tem was
that this
with the t
pletely ab
so much
various re

train order traffic could be



he arrived here in 1857. He wrote "Ben Bolt" in 1843 for the editor of the

charmed grandfather and grandmother go on forever.

Other Winners
He, too, was an acquaint-

The Making of a West Virginia

FORREST HULL AND
HIS WEST VIRGINIA

Old Ballads Of Yesteryear



DON'T YOU
remember
sweet Alice,
Ben Bolt,
sweet Alice
whose hair was
so brown?"

Who doesn't
remember
sweet Alice,
the gentle girl
who trembled
with fear at the
frown of her
lover and final-
ly came to rest under a slab of
grey granite in the old vil-
lage graveyard? But who
knows that the poet who wrote
so feelingly of her unfortunate
demise once dwelt at Logan



CAN YOU SPARE A HULL?

Were you one of the Forrest Hull fans who collected the man's Charleston Daily Mail pieces? If so, can you spare us some clippings from your scrapbook for a "Forrest Hull Sample" volume in the supplemental portion of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia?

on the Guyan river?

It seems that the composer, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, during his stay in the West Virginia hills, was a lawyer of sorts, a doctor, and a Know-Nothing politician. He knocked off a few other poems. "Raft

he arrived here in 1857. He wrote "Ben Bolt" in 1843 for the editor of the N. Y. Mirror and regretted it all his life, considering it one of his lesser poems. He never received a penny for it and its popularity irritated him extremely.

The doctor was eccentric, bitter, and critical. A piece written about Edgar Allen Poe brought a suit from that genius that cost English a judgment of \$225. Because he once wrote poems of West Virginia, he should be honored in our state centennial celebration. He survived until 1902. His melancholy but sweet old ballad should survive a hundred

charmed grandmother's
A tune even more
of perfume b
past, in pleas
ness.

Memories

In a song of
voices long s
fond word, a c
of an eye, the i
ished face. Hea
dy and scenes
remarkable
viewed only ye

This must ex
thrill when t
hoary, sad-swe
ten almost a
ago by a Can
teacher that



the gentle girl who trembled with fear at the frown of her lover and finally came to rest under a slab of grey granite in the old village graveyard? But who knows that the poet who wrote so feelingly of her unfortunate demise once dwelt at Logan



CAN YOU SPARE A HULL?

Were you one of the Forrest Hull fans who collected the man's Charleston Daily Mail pieces? If so, can you spare us some clippings from your scrapbook for a "Forrest Hull Sample" volume in the supplemental portion of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia?

on the Guyan river?

It seems that the composer, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, during his stay in the West Virginia hills, was a lawyer of sorts, a doctor, and a Know-Nothing politician. He knocked off a few other poems, "Rafting On the Guyan," "The Wyoming Hunter," and an ode to the Gauley River, while acting as postmaster of Logan. A native of Newark, N. J.,

he arrived here in 1857. He wrote "Ben Bolt" in 1843 for the editor of the N. Y. Mirror and regretted it all his life, considering it one of his lesser poems. He never received a penny for it and its popularity irritated him extremely.

The doctor was eccentric, bitter, and critical. A piece written about Edgar Allen Poe brought a suit from that genius that cost English a judgment of \$225. Because he once wrote poems of West Virginia, he should be honored in our state centennial celebration. He survived until 1902. His melancholy but sweet old ballad should survive a hundred years more.

The enduring quality of the old-fashioned love songs is a strange thing. Songs come and go, ragtime, jazz, and pop tunes, but the melodies that

charmed grandmothers. A tune of perfect past, in

M

In a voices fond words of an exhausted fatherly and remarkable view of

This thrill hoary, ten already ago by teacher wander Maggie below. creaking we use

The Johnson Toronto teaching where with a Clark.

and to character "When Maggie, an old it he looked romantic into a

A Bonus For New Buyers

The Encyclopedia management has been offering as a special bonus and enticement to new buyers of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia a copy of the WEST VIRGINIA IMPRINTS 1790-1863, that memorable job done by that bibliophilic couple, Messrs. Charles Shetler and Delf Norona. Now that we have less than five copies left, and inspired by the selling job that this offer did for the monumental work that this newspaper is engaged in producing, the management has come up with another offer.

LONG, LONG AGO.



1857. He
in 1843
N. Y.
it all
one of
never
and its
im ex-

entric,
piece
en Poe
genius
gment
wrote
a, he
r state
n. He
s mel-
ballad
undred

of the
gs is a
ne and
d pop
s that

charmed grandfather and grandmother go on forever. A tune even more than a whiff of perfume brings back the past, in pleasure or in sadness.

Memories Awake

In a song of the past are voices long since hushed, a fond word, a caress, the glow of an eye, the image of a vanished face. Hear an old melody and scenes come back with remarkable clarity, as if viewed only yesterday.

This must explain why many thrill when they hear the hoary, sad-sweet ballad written almost a hundred years ago by a Canadian schoolteacher that begins: "I've wandered today to the hill, Maggie, to watch the scenes below. The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, as we used to do long ago."

The writer, George W. Johnson, a graduate of Toronto University, was teaching in a country village where he had fallen in love with a girl named Maggie Clark. George was a poet, and to express the lasting character of that love he wrote "When You and I were Young, Maggie." Near her home was an old water mill and around it he laid his scenes as he looked forward in fancy to a romantic love that would last

Other Winners

He, too, was an acquaintance of Poe and submitted songs for a magazine Poe edited. "The Mocking Bird" was a great favorite with Southern soldiers during the Civil War, and has been the stand-by of bird imitators and canebrake and mountain fiddlers for generations. Incidentally, Sep Winner also wrote "Where, O, Where Has My Little Dog Gone" and "Ten Little Injuns," favorites of school kids, and the tune ever popular with music teachers, "Whispering Hope."

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written in 1818, by Samuel Woodsworth, but was not published until 1854. The tune we sing today was mainly composed by George Kiallmark. This song eulogizing the moss-covered bucket at the well on Woodsworth's old farm home, was popular during the Civil War.

(Continued On Page 11)

In front of each volume of one set of the set of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia appear this ex libris card.

This Set of The West Virginia

this little book of the
PERSONAL
REMINISCENCE
CIVIL WAR
By CAPT. DAVID
PRICE PER
by Captain David
know anything
The editor
over as you ca
page is produ
printer eviden
boo, as the au
ber stamp th
David for Joh
marginal not
day reader sa
this man is
mond Poe, B
etc.
When the e
finds a new
(Continued

and to express the character of that love he wrote "When You and I were Young, Maggie." Near her home was an old water mill and around it he laid his scenes as he looked forward in fancy to a romantic love that would last into old age. They were married in 1865 and moved to Cleveland, Ohio. The romance was short-lived; for Maggie died the same year. Broken hearted, Johnson returned to Canada to spend his days as a professor on the faculty of Toronto University.

In 1873, another great song was written. It was "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and the composer had the unlikely name of Hart Pease Danks. Danks was pretty much a failure when he moved from the East to Chicago to make a living tinkering, taking tintype photos, and scribbling poems. When he wrote "Silver Threads" his wife promptly left him, probably not having an ear for music. But the world did.

Danks sold a batch of his poems to a Wisconsin editor, Eben E. Rexford, for \$3. Among the batch was his great poem. Rexford made it popular, but Danks died poverty stricken in a rooming house in Philadelphia in 1903. When revived in 1907 it sold upwards of two million copies.

"Listen To The Mocking Bird" was written by Septimus Winner in 1855. It was called an "Ethiopian Sentimental Ballad" on the sheet music.

in front of each volume of one set of
set of the West Virginia Heritage Enc
appear this ex libris card.

This Set of The West Virginia
Heritage Encyclopedia
was presented to the

Marshall University Library

Of

Huntington, W. Va.

By

Victor D. Worme

Is there someone in your life you
remember with a memorial gift of the
Heritage Encyclopedia? Call 304 846-65

Chenoweth

our County)

Bridge

and by razing in the
of modern highway con-
tion and maintenance
Chenoweth's bridge
no exception. His Be-
bridge was torn out
of the determina-
of a group of men
to save their bridge.
Chenoweth's foundation
stone for the Be-
bridge remains. The
reports a concrete as-
bridge on the George

our Countians are
ful in their efforts
Philip Bridge
as a symbol

Bee Hunting in W. Va.

By Dr. Paul E. Opp

BEES HAVE A natural instinct for seeking a home in a hollow tree, and a tree with a swarm in residence is called a bee tree. The hunt-
ing of bee trees has been a long-
standing pastime since pio-
neer days, and there are bee
hunters to be found in every
county of West Virginia. If the
space is large enough,

EDITOR'S NOTE

The West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia will carry authori-
tative reports, accounts and do-
cuments of the obsolescent and
valuable heritage of the State. A
sample of what we have in mind
is this article on bee hunting
which the author has boiled down
for the encyclopedia from an
article he did recently for "Won-
derful West Virginia." He will
write articles for the encyclo-
pedia on turtles and mushrooms.

efficient honey can be stored
in the colony through the
winter. A record tree was cut
in Boone County by three bee
hunters that yielded a wash-
board and three large buckets
of comb honey. Honey-
hunters and scouts to look for
honeycomb even before
the swarm, and frequently
the swarm will come out of a
tree and settle on a bush and
be noticed. If it is not
noticed, a hive by the bee-



Matt Neely Born Here

A West Virginia governor
from 1874, which sat in
Boone County until in 1924 when
it was Matthew Mansfield Neely
Mountain Men. This picture
now living in Louisville, Ky.
Virginia Heritage Encyclop
of West Virginia should
places of all West Virginia
The editor thinks this wo
Virginia studies class this

keeper, it will follow the in-
formation furnished by the
scouts and take to the woods
for housing in the available
hollow trees, thus adding to
the number of bee trees in the
wooded areas of the state.

A West Virginia bee hunt-
er relies chiefly on his well-
trained eyes; and upon enter-
ing the woods, looks among
the likeliest trees for signs
of openings and cavities where
a colony may have taken up
housekeeping. He hunts only

on cloudless days when
the sun is high, usually from
10 in the morning until 4
in the afternoon. Under
conditions of good light
he notes the bright flash of
that indicates the bees' flight
through the branches toward
the tree where there is
an opening. When he sees
a steady stream of bees
coming with loads of nectar
he knows that he has found
what he was looking for. Hunt-
ing in this manner from June
to October, he may find a
dozen trees in a season.

Some trees may be worth
less than a gallon of at-
tention, in fact, cutting
down is a poor way to

A Bonus For New Buyers



out our concern
mill. It was located
Mill Creek in R
the creek and
cross. Leaving R
33 West, the rer
seen at the end a
of the bridge."
The first acc

A West Virginia governor was born in this log cabin on November 9th, 1874, which sat near the village of Grove in Doddridge County until in 1924 when it burned to the ground. The Governor was Matthew Mansfield Neely, twenty-fifth in a mighty line of Mountain Men. This picture, sent to us by "a Neely admirer" now living in Louisville, Ky., suggests to the editor of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia that this monumental collection of West Virginiana should perhaps have pictures of the birthplaces of all West Virginia Governors, or at least most of them. The editor thinks this would be a fine project for some West Virginia studies class this fall. Any takers?



Late Hood

on cloudless days when the sun is high, usually from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. Under these conditions of good light, he notes the bright flash of wings that indicates the bees' line of flight through the branches toward the tree where there is an opening. When he sees the steady stream of bees entering with loads of nectar, he knows that he has found what he was looking for. Hunting in this manner from June to October, he may find a dozen trees in a season.

Some trees may be cut for less than a gallon of strained honey; in fact, cutting a bee tree is a poor way to obtain honey unless one enjoys the special flavor of the wild variety. When a tree is cut and strikes the ground, the shock usually breaks the comb loose, and there is a mess of young bees, drowned workers and bits of wood floating in the honey that must be dipped into a bucket with a large spoon after the cavity has been opened by sawing and split-

or crawl over the leaves and up the legs of trousers.

Since bees send out scouts, some bee hunters put hives in trees for the scouts to explore and inspect. This plan works very well, and many good working colonies may be caught in this way. Second-rate hives or homemade boxes may be used, and when the honey is harvested in the autumn, it is of excellent quality. The following spring, the hives in which no swarms have been taken, may be cleaned and made ready for another season. In this method of bee hunting, the honey collected can be removed under more sanitary conditions than

(Continued On Page 11)

with time
from Har
County:

"The fir
Ripley was
Starcher a
It was a w
runs of bur
run it for
he sold it
a few yea
John McC
added stea
set of bur
hands in 1
present o

(Cont

If a word to the v
is sufficient

For \$200 now

notes the bright flash of wings that indicates the bees' line of flight through the branches toward the tree where there is an opening. When he sees the steady stream of bees entering with loads of nectar, he knows that he has found what he was looking for. Hunting in this manner from June to October, he may find a dozen trees in a season.

Some trees may be cut for less than a gallon of strained honey; in fact, cutting a bee tree is a poor way to obtain honey unless one enjoys the special flavor of the wild variety. When a tree is cut and strikes the ground, the shock usually breaks the comb loose, and there is a mess of young bees, drowned workers and bits of wood floating in the honey that must be dipped into a bucket with a large spoon after the cavity has been opened by sawing and splitting out blocks of the tree. Our West Virginia hunter may wait for cold weather to cut the tree; for otherwise he must prepare a bucket of smoke and dress properly to protect himself from the angry workers as they buzz about

trees for the scouts to explore and inspect. This plan works very well, and many good working colonies may be caught in this way. Second-rate hives or homemade boxes may be used, and when the honey is harvested in the autumn, it is of excellent quality. The following spring, the hives in which no swarms have been taken, may be cleaned and made ready for another season. In this method of bee hunting, the honey collected can be removed under more sanitary conditions than

(Continued On Page 11)

with time is from Hardest County;

"The first fl Ripley was ere Starcher about It was a water runs of burrs. I run it for seve he sold it to a few years John McGrew added steam p set of burrs. I hands in 1862, present owner

(Continue

**If a word to the wise
is sufficient**

**For \$200 now or
\$400 in 1974**

You can purchase a lasting
for the school or public
library of your choice
and announce the gift on
ex libris card of this series
which will appear in the
front of each
volume of the 50-volume
set of
the West Virginia Heritage
Encyclopedia





Matt Neely Born Here

A West Virginia governor was born in this log cabin on November 9th, 1874, which sat near the village of Grove in Doddridge County until in 1924 when it burned to the ground. The Governor was Matthew Mansfield Neely, twenty-fifth in a mighty line of Mountain Men. This picture, sent to us by "a Neely admirer" now living in Louisville, Ky., suggests to the editor of the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia that this monumental collection of West Virginiana should perhaps have pictures of the birthplaces of all West Virginia Governors, or at least most of them. The editor thinks this would be a fine project for some West Virginia studies class this fall. Any takers?





shall

AS

OUR
edia
ught
ed
on
ro,
II,
en
re

s

e

f

HOW AN ENCYCLOPEDIA IS PUT TOGETHER

Guest Editor For Second Week: West Virginia Antiquities Commission

Covered Bridge Builder Lemuel Chenoweth



ANY RESEARCH into the construction and history of the covered bridge at Philippi leads an investigator to the extraordinary master builder of covered bridges in West Virginia, Lemuel Chenoweth of Beverly in Randolph County. Lemuel Chenoweth was born in 1811. As a member of a large family, in an area where educational opportunities were limited, his formal education consisted of attending "pauper schools" for a month or so each year. Such schools were established by the Literary Fund created in 1810. The fund derived its financial support from forfeitures and penalties accruing to the Commonwealth of Virginia. Chenoweth's unusual engineering genius was acquired through his own efforts. He credited the Bible used in his home training for supplying his inspiration.

Chenoweth became a furniture and cabinet maker in Beverly. His shop produced sturdy home furnishings, many of which remain in the homes of area residents. In demand were his farm wagons made of strong hand hewn parts. Chenoweth and his

orated with white candles, white and yellow chrysanthemums and white poinsettias and the refreshment table was laid with a lace cloth and centered by a large birthday cake.

Orchids For Mother

For the occasion Mrs. Marshall wore an orchid corsage given to her by her five daughters, her only children still living. She also wore a white shawl her mother had made from wool she had spun, carded and knit more than 100 years ago.

Mrs. Marshall was born (Olive Augusta Hays) near Glenville, W. Va., Dec. 12, 1861, and married Thomas M. Marshall Sept. 15, 1881. After living in Omaha, Neb., several years, the Marshalls went to Plaza del Alcalde, N. Mex., in 1884 to serve as missionaries under the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

During their nine years...

brothers designed, contracted and built many homes in Randolph County. Chenoweth planned and constructed bridges and sawmills. His greatest fame came from the numerous bridges, many of them covered bridges, which he built on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and on the Beverly and Fairmont Road.

Accounts as to how Chenoweth obtained the contracts for the bridges on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike vary. Perhaps the most accurate account was supplied by Chenoweth's great-granddaughter, the late Mrs. Virginia Yokum Downey. According to Mrs. Downey, Lemuel Chenoweth whittled and cut a miniature of his idea of what a wooden bridge should be. Placing his collapsible model in his saddlebags, he set out on horseback for Richmond more than two hundred miles away. When his turn came to submit his plans, Chenoweth assembled his model upon a table. Using two chairs as abutments, Chenoweth stood and walked on the bridge. As he stepped down, he said, "Gentlemen, this is all I have to say."

Chenoweth was awarded the bridge contracts and began a decade of feverish bridge construction. Five bridges on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike were built at Cheat River, Huttonsville, Dailey, Beverly and Ellamore. The Beverly bridge had a stormy history. Chenoweth rebuilt this bridge in 1873 after it had been partially destroyed during the Civil War. A few years ago the bridge was torn down and replaced by a steel and concrete structure.

In 1850 Virginia advertised for bids for construction of bridges for the Beverly and Fairmont Road. One of the bridges would cross the Tygart's Valley River at Philippi. Lemuel Chenoweth and his brother, Eli Chenoweth, were given the contract for the superstructure of this bridge. It was this bridge that brought lasting fame for its builder.

Emmett J. O'Brien supervised the construction of the foundation of the Philippi Bridge. Delayed by masonry problems and by



Philippi Bridge (Barbour County)



Interior View of Philippi Bridge

this strengthening of the bridge. The rounded portals were squared to accommodate high stake-bodied trucks. A pedestrian walk was built along the south side of the bridge.

Today, as one of only six two-lane covered bridges remaining in the United States, and the only one to accommodate federal highway traffic, U. S. 250, the bridge is busier than it has ever been. Damage from large trucks has plagued the entrances, the west portal at the junction with U. S. 119 in particular. West Virginia Department of Highways officials have reduced height clearance to twelve feet. This limit allows most truck traffic. The wood above the portals is painted white and carries this message "Philippi, W. Va. Scene of First Land Battle of Civil War. This Bridge Erected 1852 Served Both North

War, and by razing in the interest of modern highway construction and maintenance. Lemuel Chenoweth's bridges were no exception. His Beverly bridge "was torn down in spite of the determined efforts of a group of citizens to save their bridge. Eli Chenoweth's foundation of hand-cut stone for the Beverly bridge remains. Today it supports a concrete and steel bridge on the Glen town road.

Barbour Countians were successful in their efforts to save the Philippi Bridge. It stands today as a symbol of an era in bridge history when wooden and roofed bridges were common sights.

Why were bridges covered? The roofs were placed upon the bridges to protect the wooden structure from the vicissitudes of weather, rain, snow and sun. The roofs were not for the protection

Marcellus Marshall
 NDED THERE WAS
 A MRS. MARSHALL.

HEN YOUR
 encyclopedia
 editor sought
 and received
 information on
 College's hero,
 Thomas Marshall.
 If there had been
 Marshall, as there
 mention in the un-

there was, writes
 White from Rock-
 ida. And to set the
 light in behalf of
 for historic per-
 White sends a
 couple posed
 a rare one of
 himself. Also, to
 Mrs. Marshall
 of importance
 light, Mrs. White
 editor with a
 the St. Peters-
 independent for
 R. 1951, which
 ing about the

by Dorothy Hu-

feel like to
 ne missionary
 when it was a
 the Kentucky
 ars ago, raise
 d still cele-
 birthday in
 spirits?

a. Marshall,
 e South, (St.
 ld tell you
 eeling. But
 nothing un-
 lly, for she
 sisters still
 ington State.
 d yesterday
 e given by
 rs. H. E.
 whom she
 e was dec-



Virginia Chenoweth's unusual
 engineering genius was ac-
 quired through his own ef-
 forts. He credited the Bible
 used in his home training for
 supplying his inspiration.

Chenoweth became a furni-
 ture and cabinet maker in
 Beverly. His shop produced
 sturdy home furnishings,
 many of which remain in the
 homes of area residents. In
 demand were his farm wagons
 made of strong hand hewn
 parts. Chenoweth and his

orated with white candles,
 white and yellow chrysanthem-
 ums and white poinsettias
 and the refreshment table was
 laid with a lace cloth and
 centered by a large birthday
 cake.

Orchids For Mother

For the occasion Mrs.
 Marshall wore an orchid cor-
 sage given to her by her five
 daughters, her only children
 still living. She also wore a
 white shawl her mother had
 made from wool she had spun,
 carded and knit more than
 100 years ago.

Mrs. Marshall was born
 (Olive Augusta Hays) near
 Glenville, W. Va., Dec. 12,
 1861, and married Thomas
 M. Marshall Sept. 15, 1881.
 After living in Omaha, Neb.,
 several years, the Marshalls
 went to Plaza del Alcalde,
 N. Mex., in 1884 to serve
 as missionaries under the
 Presbyterian Board of Home
 Missions.

During their nine years of
 service there, the Marshalls
 strived to teach Indians and
 Mexicans in the small set-
 tlement how to read and write
 and some of the rudiments of
 good housekeeping. Their
 home there was a small adobe
 hut.

In 1893 they went to teach
 at Carlyle Indian School, Carl-
 yle, Pa., and in 1895 were
 sent by the Presbyterian
 Board of Home Missions to
 do mountain mission work at
 Hyden, Leslie County, Ky.

Gardens, Handwork

Following her husband's
 death, Mrs. Marshall brought
 her children to Florida in
 1914 (Editor: Actually, it was
 1925) and settled at Oviedo,
 between Orlando and Sanford,
 retiring from mission work
 to raise her family. Her fa-
 vorite hobby there was tend-
 ing a large garden which in-
 cluded 150 rose bushes.

Mrs. Marshall came to live
 with her daughter in 1940 and
 now spends her time croch-
 eting and doing handwork. Her
 other daughters still living
 are Mesdames Roy Ellis and
 R. W. Lawton, Orlando; R.
 O. Cornell, Groveland, and
 L. H. Kirby, Florence.

set out on more than two
 Richmond miles away. When
 hundred miles to submit his
 his turn came to assemble
 plans. Chenoweth assembled
 his model upon a table. Using
 two chairs as abutments,
 Chenoweth stood and walked
 on the bridge. As he stepped
 down, he said, "Gentlemen,
 this is all I have to say."

Chenoweth was awarded the
 bridge contracts and began a
 decade of feverish bridge con-
 struction. Five bridges on the
 Staunton and Parkersburg
 Turnpike were built at Cheat
 River, Huttonsville, Dailey,
 Beverly and Ellamore. The
 Beverly bridge had a stormy
 history. Chenoweth rebuilt
 this bridge in 1873 after it
 had been partially destroyed
 during the Civil War. A few
 years ago the bridge was torn
 down and replaced by a steel
 and concrete structure.

In 1850 Virginia advertised
 for bids for construction of
 bridges for the Beverly and
 Fairmont Road. One of the
 bridges would cross the Ty-
 gart's Valley River at
 Philippi. Lemuel Chenoweth
 and his brother, Eli Cheno-
 weth, were given the contract
 for the superstructure of this
 bridge. It was this bridge that
 brought lasting fame for its
 builder.

Emmett J. O'Brien super-
 vised the construction of the
 foundation of the Philippi
 Bridge. Delayed by masonry
 problems and by an outbreak
 of typhoid fever, foundation
 work was finished in 1852.
 Chenoweth then began the two-
 lane, wooden superstructure.
 The timber used in the bridge
 was yellow poplar, cut and
 prepared in Barbour County.
 The design was a modified
 Burr arch type which had
 proven durable. Theodore
 Burr, for whom the design
 was named, had used one form
 of the arch as early as 1804.
 The Philippi Bridge utilized
 two arches, each 138-2/3 feet
 in length. All parts of the
 bridge were constructed of
 wood, with the exception of
 hand forged bolts used to hold
 the members together. Near-
 ly one hundred and twenty
 years later, the stringers of
 the bridge are still almost
 perfectly aligned.

Some minor changes have
 been made to the bridge over
 the years. When a small boy
 fell through a hole in the floor
 of the bridge and was drowned,
 it became evident that the
 bridge was not safe. During
 the period from 1934 to 1938
 two concrete piers were added
 and a concrete floor was laid
 to replace the wide boards of
 the original floor. Heavier
 motor vehicles necessitated



Interior View of Philippi Bridge

this strengthening of the
 bridge. The rounded portals
 were squared to accommodate
 high stake-bodied trucks. A
 pedestrian walk was built
 along the south side of the
 bridge.

Today, as one of only six
 two-lane covered bridges re-
 maining in the United States,
 and the only one to accom-
 modate federal highway traf-
 fic, U. S. 250, the bridge is
 busier than it has ever been.
 Damage from large trucks
 has plagued the entrances,
 the west portal at the junction
 with U. S. 119 in particular.
 West Virginia Department of
 Highways officials have re-
 duced height clearance to
 twelve feet. This limit al-
 lows most truck traffic. The
 wood above the portals is
 painted white and carries this
 message "Philippi, W. Va.
 Scene of First Land Battle of
 Civil War. This Bridge Erect-
 ed 1852 Served Both North
 and South in Passage of Troops
 and Supplies Across Moun-
 tains into Virginia."

Two other Chenoweth
 bridges still stand. At Bar-
 rackville, in Marion County,
 is a wide arch, one-lane bridge
 that is still in use. East of
 Belington at Carrollton in
 Barbour County is another
 small, one-lane covered
 bridge spanning the Buckhan-
 non River. These three
 bridges are all that is left of
 the work of West Virginia's
 master bridge builder, Lem-
 uel Chenoweth.

Many of the covered
 bridges in West Virginia have
 been destroyed by flood, by
 acts of war during the Civil

War, and by rational-
 ization of modern in-
 struction and ma-
 terials. Lemuel Chenoweth's
 were no exception. In
 erly bridge was the
 in spite of the
 efforts of a group
 citizens to save the
 Eli Chenoweth's four-
 hand-cut stone for
 erly bridge remains
 it supports a com-
 steel bridge over the
 town road.

Barbour County
 successful in their
 save the Philippi
 stands today as a
 era in bridge his-
 wooden and roof-
 were common sight

Why were bridge
 ered? The roofs w-
 upon the bridge
 the wooden struc-
 the vicissitudes of
 rain, snow and sun-
 were not for the
 of the bridge
 animal users, but
 tention of the ve-
 themselves. As on
 fied Southerner
 many years a
 bridges were co-
 dear Sir, for the
 son that our belles
 skirts and crinol-
 protect the struc-
 that is seldom
 nevertheless appre-

DAVID

Report on a R

\$5.95

Hillbilly Book

Richwood, W.

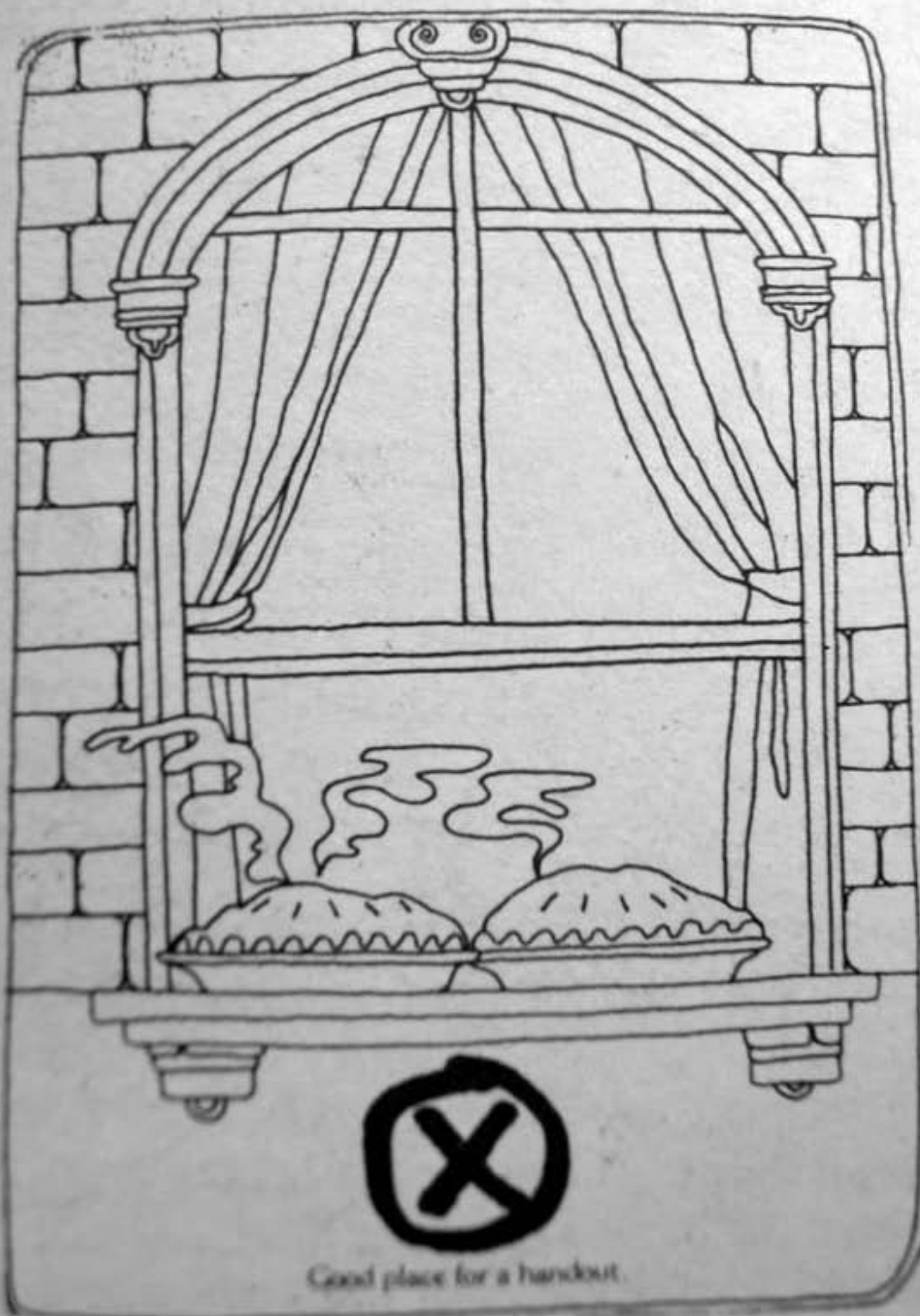
Antique Show And Sale

The 20th Annual Antique Show and Sale, sponsored by the Pilot Club of Huntington, will be held on Saturday, 22, 23 and 24, 1972, at the Junior League Community Center, 617 Ninth Avenue, Huntington, West Virginia.

The hours are from 12:00 noon to 10:00 p.m. on Saturday and 12:00 noon to 6:00 p.m. on Sunday.

The Antique Show and Sale is the major fund-raising event of the Huntington Pilot Club and the proceeds are used exclusively for the club's charitable projects.

HOBO SIGNS



Good place for a handout.

IF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA IS PUT TOGETHER

This Week's Guest Editor: West Virginia Antiquities Commission

Covered Bridges



THE COUNTY Court of Greenbrier County, in regular session in July 1886, stated that three days per year road work by all able-

bodied men living on any road in the county was not enough to properly maintain that road. It was therefore ordered that the compulsory work days be raised from three to five. Even this, under the direction of an area or district supervisor, was seldom enough to extend the road network. During this period of road development, the crossing of streams, large and small, posed many problems. The engineering involved was to go around or find a shallow place to ford the stream.

This engineering philosophy could not last because often there was no way to go around or a place to ford. The mountains saw to this. This being the case, bridging the stream had to be done. Choice of site was always a consideration. Natural geography was used if at all possible and several of these early bridges were built using high banks and even rock cliffs (note Indian Creek Bridge) as abutments. This made the approach roads difficult to build. With labor being as it was, quite often a road just ended at a stream, only to begin again on the other side.

The names of many early bridges indicate the proximity to some mill. In many cases a sawmill was a part of the flour mill, and thus building materi-



Interior View Barrackville Bridge



Barrackville Bridge (Marion County)



Indian Creek Bridge (Mercer County)

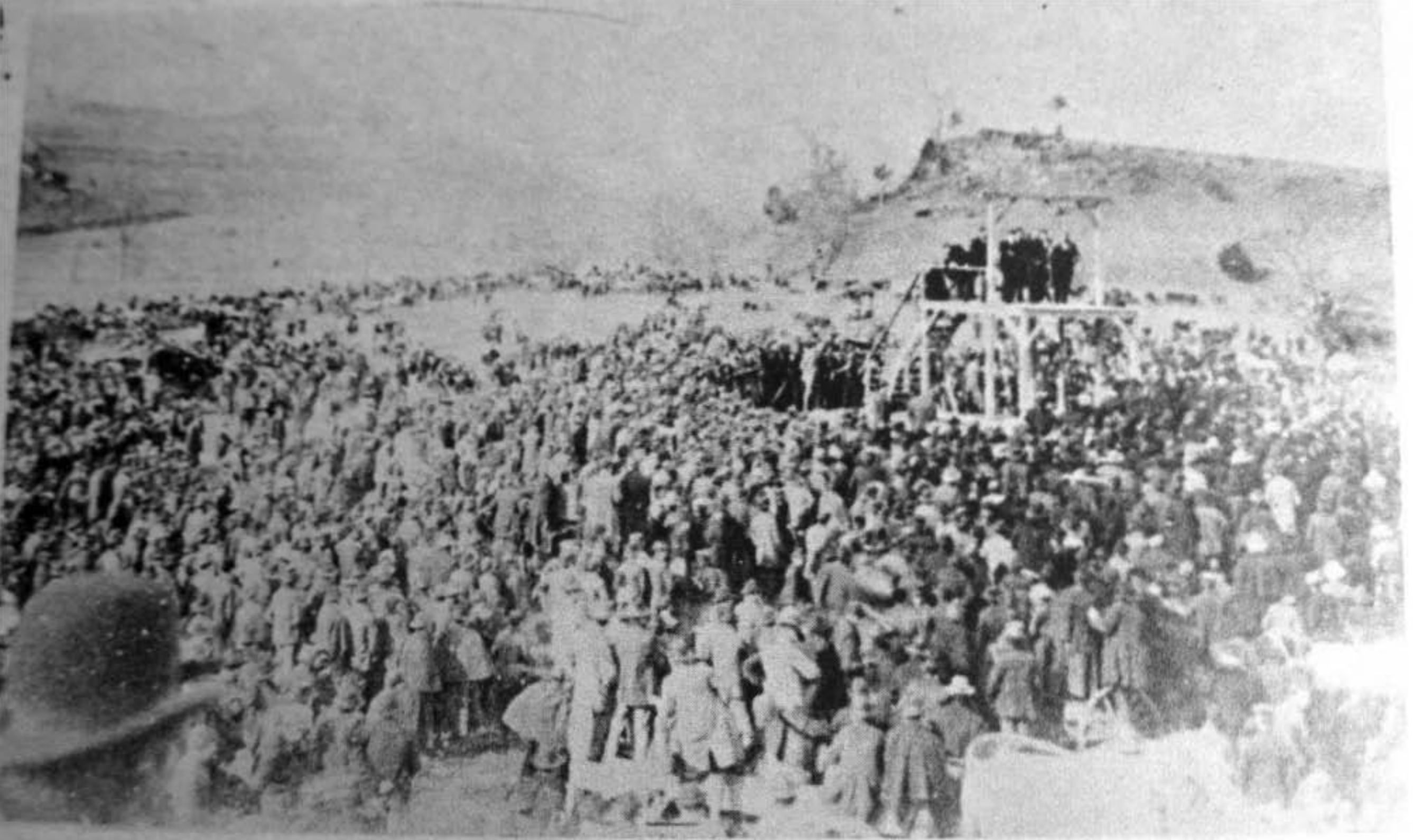


Laurel Creek Bridge (Monroe County)



BIRDLETS BY HARM

A delightful duo of Western birds in the new Ray Harm Crest Series; portraits of the small birds of



Last Hanging

There's a philosophy which says out of the greatest evil comes the greatest good. This last public hanging in West Virginia created such a furor in the press that the legislature decided that the exacting of an eye for an eye could no longer be a public spectacle as was the hanging of John Morgan at Cottageville, Jackson County, on December 16, 1897, for the murder of three members of the Greene-Pfost family. This picture and the story will be told in the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia.

Mason Jar Connected To Wheeling

By Monroe Worthington in Wheeling News-Register, Nov. 23, 1938



MILLIONS OF dollars in wages and dividends have come to Wheeling because of the invention of a man who died penniless, in a charity hospital.

The man is not listed in most reference books, but his name is one used in almost every household.

The man is John L. Mason, inventor of the Mason jar, widely used in home canning. And the centennial is being held in his honor, Nov. 30, largely because of the efforts of another man who has been prominent in glass, John S. Algeo, vice-president and general sales manager of the Hazel Atlas Co. at the time of his retirement on Dec. 31, 1956. Hazel Atlas has made billions of such Mason jars, and the making of caps for them keeps several hundred Wheeling people busy at the plant at Nineteenth and Jacob Sts. Hazel Atlas is now a division of the great Continental Can Co., and its offices are at Fifteenth and Jacob Sts.

In the course of an investigation into the history of the Mason jar, it was recalled that the three brothers who founded Hazel Atlas all lived in Wheeling; and that "Mike" Owens, perhaps the most famous modern glass industrialist, was also a Wheeling man, although he made most of his money later on in Toledo, O.

Mason got his patent Nov. 30, 1858, just 100 years ago this coming Sunday. Before that time the average American family lived on potatoes, dried beans, cabbage, sauer-

There's an old moonshine story told in these hills. Man says to another, "I see you wear glasses by that mark on your nose." "Nope, that's made from drinking moonshine from a Mason jar." That joke is doubly West Virginian in that both the contents and the jar were pretty much West Virginia made. That story will be told in the West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia, distilled from Monroe Worthington's story as told on this page.

figure out how to make the jar. When he found the way, and obtained a patent, he formed a partnership with three New Yorkers, and they made the lids at a plant on Pearl St., lower New York. They ordered the glass jars from glass blowers.

In 1869, a man named Boyd had invented the glass liner for the familiar screw top. Before that time, if the can was turned upside down its contents came in contact with the zinc from which the screw cap was made. The Boyd top was popular from the start. This patent expired in 1886.

In that same year, C. M. Brady, a Wheeling man, started making the Mason jar. His first plant, the Hazel Co., was in Wellsburg, but as there was not enough gas there to melt the glass in the quantities desired, he soon moved to Washington, Pa.

He had two brothers, one of whom, J. C. Brady, operated the Wheeling Hinge Co. This concern through an affiliate, made the required caps for the jars, but it had made hardware from the time of the Civil War.

C. N. Brady started another company, because the success of the Mason jar was phenomenal. He was the second largest in the country, a man named Ball, out in Muncie, Ind., being the first.

Another of the brothers was W. S. Brady, who at that time,

\$1 per day. He worked until the work was done. He had a combination job, much of it devoted to making up production reports, which were sent to the company headquarters in Wheeling. Within a year he had gotten a raise to \$40 per month, and he congratulated himself that he had a steady income, for 1907 was a panic year — what people would call a super-duper depression today.

Well did Algeo recall the advice which C. M. Brady gave him.

"John," he said, "I don't want a fellow who never makes a mistake. Take a chance... use your imagination. But, John," — and here Brady looked at the young man impressively — "don't make the same mistake twice."

Algeo was transferred to Wheeling on Jan. 1, 1908, then back to Washington, then to Wheeling in 1912, and he has been here ever since. He married Edith Carol Kraft, a Wheeling girl, in 1910.

Algeo became a sales manager, and from this vantage point he probably saw more of the Mason jar, and its rise to overwhelming popularity, than anyone now alive, although he would probably modestly deny this.

The glass blowers who made the first Mason jars got rich on their \$15 per day. The three Brady brothers made



Famous Mason Jar

successful as the famous jar.

Since his patents had expired, he was collecting no royalties. Whether he lived high on his profits, whether they were far smaller than one would expect, or whether he lost them on some new promotion is information which the fog of the passing years seems to have hidden. But in 1898 he was existing in a tenement on W. 168th St., New York, one of the city's less desirable sections. Four years later, Feb. 26, 1902, he died as a charity patient in Lower Manhattan's House of Relief.

**RENFRO VALLEY
BUGLE**

A Publication Especially
For Old-Timers

and the making of caps for them keeps several hundred wheeling people busy at the plant at Nineteenth and Jacob Sts. Hazel Atlas is now a division of the great Continental Can Co., and its offices are at Fifteenth and Jacob Sts.

In the course of an investigation into the history of the Mason jar, it was recalled that the three brothers who founded Hazel Atlas all lived in Wheeling; and that "Mike" Owens, perhaps the most famous modern glass industrialist, was also a Wheeling man, although he made most of his money later on in Toledo, O.

Mason got his patent Nov. 30, 1858, just 100 years ago this coming Sunday. Before that time the average American family lived on potatoes, dried beans, cabbage, sauerkraut, salt bacon, prunes, bread and biscuits during that long spell after the last vegetables were taken from the garden in the fall and before the first lettuce appeared in the spring. It was a monotonous diet. It often caused nutritional diseases — scurvy, for instance.

Modern day youths may ask, "Why didn't great-grandmother go to the supermarket and buy frozen foods, or tin cans of food? The tin can was in its infancy. There were no frozen foods except the kale in the family garden and the apples in the cellar when an unexpected cold spell came along. And, most of all, there were no supermarkets. Also money was scarce!

Mason was the son of a Scotch farmer. He was born in Vineland, N. J., in 1832, and was thus 26 years old at the time he got his patent.

was popular from the start. This patent expired in 1886. In that same year, C. M. Brady, a Wheeling man, started making the Mason jar. His first plant, the Hazel Co., was in Wellsburg, but as there was not enough gas there to melt the glass in the quantities desired, he soon moved to Washington, Pa.

He had two brothers, one of whom, J. C. Brady, operated the Wheeling Hinge Co. This concern through an affiliate, made the required caps for the jars, but it had made hardware from the time of the Civil War.

C. N. Brady started another company, because the success of the Mason jar was phenomenal. He was the second largest in the country, a man named Ball, out in Muncie, Ind., being the first.

Another of the brothers was W. S. Brady, who at that time, about 55 years ago, was president of Fostoria Glass Co. He sold out and started the Republic Glass Co. in Clarksburg, which made drinking glasses and other glass tableware by machine.

The three brothers then united all their interests, and the combined concern was Hazel Atlas.

The Bradys' great contribution to the popularity of the new jar was packing a complete unit, jar, rubbers and lid, all together, so it was more convenient for the housewife to buy. Jars had previously been sold in boxes of six dozen.

It was three years later, in 1906, that young J. S. Algeo, fresh from two years at Washington and Jefferson College, started working for the Bradys. He was to get

advice which C. M. Brady gave him. "John," he said, "I don't want a fellow who never makes a mistake. Take a chance... use your imagination. But, John," — and here Brady looked at the young man impressively — "don't make the same mistake twice."

Algeo was transferred to Wheeling on Jan. 1, 1908, then back to Washington, then to Wheeling in 1912, and he has been here ever since. He married Edith Carol Kraft, a Wheeling girl, in 1910.

Algeo became a sales manager, and from this vantage point he probably saw more of the Mason jar, and its rise to overwhelming popularity, than anyone now alive, although he would probably modestly deny this.

The glass blowers who made the first Mason jars got rich on their \$15 per day. The three Brady brothers made comfortable fortunes.

But how about Mason, whose invention launched the whole business?

None of his other inventions were as profitable or

successful as the famous jar.

Since his patents had expired, he was collecting no royalties. Whether he lived high on his profits, whether they were far smaller than one would expect, or whether he lost them on some new promotion is information which the fog of the passing years seems to have hidden. But in 1898 he was existing in a tenement on W. 168th St., New York, one of the city's less desirable sections. Four years later, Feb. 26, 1902, he died as a charity patient in Lower Manhattan's House of Relief.

RENFRO VALLEY BUGLE

A Publication Especially
For Old-Timers

Monthly Paper
Printed Weekly

\$4.00 Per Year
Renfro Valley, Kentucky

THE SHAY LOCOMOTIVE

TITAN OF THE TIMBER

Michael Koch

Hillbilly Bookshop, Richwood, W. Va. 26261

The Newest Old Christmas



THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLBILLY, your first favorite reading material . . . okay, okay, then your second . . . has rented a bunch of little elves from you-know-where to put out a special Christmas issue. The little devils are reading old Harpers, old Scribners, old Atlantic Monthlys, old Munseys, and nipping no doubt at Old Overhold as they do the job, searching out rare Christmas reading of a non-West Virginia and non-Appalachian interest. After all, fifty weeks out of a year you have been brow beaten with West Virginia and Appalachia. So, a rest this Christmas.

When the elves are finished messing around with scissors and glue, bigger elves will put the stuff into one big Christmas issue. It will be ready twenty days before Christmas so that you can buy these by the dozen or the million and send out as your own Christmas card. Biggest card ever made, too. Cost you a buck each or you can get one dozen for four bucks. There's a coupon on page 14 for easy ordering. And do avoid that terrible four-letter word that starts with an are and ends with an aich and squeezes all of us in between.

It is suggested that if you have no use for such a special edition as a Christmas card, buy it anyhow. The more we sell, the better Christmas we will have.

HOW AN ENCYCLOPEDIA IS PUT TOGETHER

Guest Editor This Week: Harold C. Collins

Mighty Men In West Virginia's Logging Days



MEET ANOTHER GUEST EDITOR OF THE West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia. Harold C. Collins of Cleveland, Tennessee, takes us back to the logging days of West Virginia, supplying the encyclopedia editor with pictures, some of which, if not all, will find themselves preserved in the pages of this monumental job. That era that brought the Paul Bunyans and the Johnny Inkslingers south and west on the timber line, can't be forgotten and won't be with such contributing editors as Mr. Collins.



Horses were the important ingredient in a logging job, and no horse was better than the man on the reins. Here are what might be called the Five Horsemen of Laurel Lick Run, at Boyer, and as they appeared in 1906. The first man is unknown. Between the horses is Jim Hedrick and on the end is Albert Slayton. Kneeling, left to right, are a Wilfong and Bill Slayton.



It wasn't all manpower. Machinery helped, this log loader for instance, posed at the Laurel Lick Run job at Boyer in 1906. Floyd Collins stands on the ground and one of the men on the logs is Cecil Collins.



Horses were the important ingredient in a logging job, and no horse was better than the man on the reins. Here are what might be called the Five Horsemen of Laurel Lick Run, at Boyer, and as they appeared in 1906. The first man is unknown. Between the horses is Jim Hedrick and on the end is Albert Slayton. Kneeling, left to right, are a Wilfong and Bill Slayton.



For some unexplainable reason, early roving photographers found loggers willing to pose at the drop of a hat, only they never dropped their hats when they posed on the job. Here is a woods crew of the Brushy Lumber Company of Boyer. Named here according to the numbers our guest editor assigned them are: 0 Madison Mullenax, 1 Clifton Hill, 2 Andrew Morgan Collins, 7 unidentified, 3 Emory Mullenax, 8 a Wilfong, 9 Lee Grogg, 10 Albert Slayton, 4 Jim Hedrick. In the second row only 5 is identified, he being Bob Rowan. No. 12 just caught a "whistle pig" (groundhog) and No. 13 holds the camp mascot, a dog named Bounce.



Woodhicks from Boyer, Greenbank and Arbovale, along with some of the "Pennsylvania boys," posed here at Boyer some seventy years ago. Last names here with first names forgotten are Waybright, Woodell, Wilfong, Grogg, and a fair sprinkling of Collinses. Next to the men in importance is the Shay track which made logging possible in the hills of West Virginia.

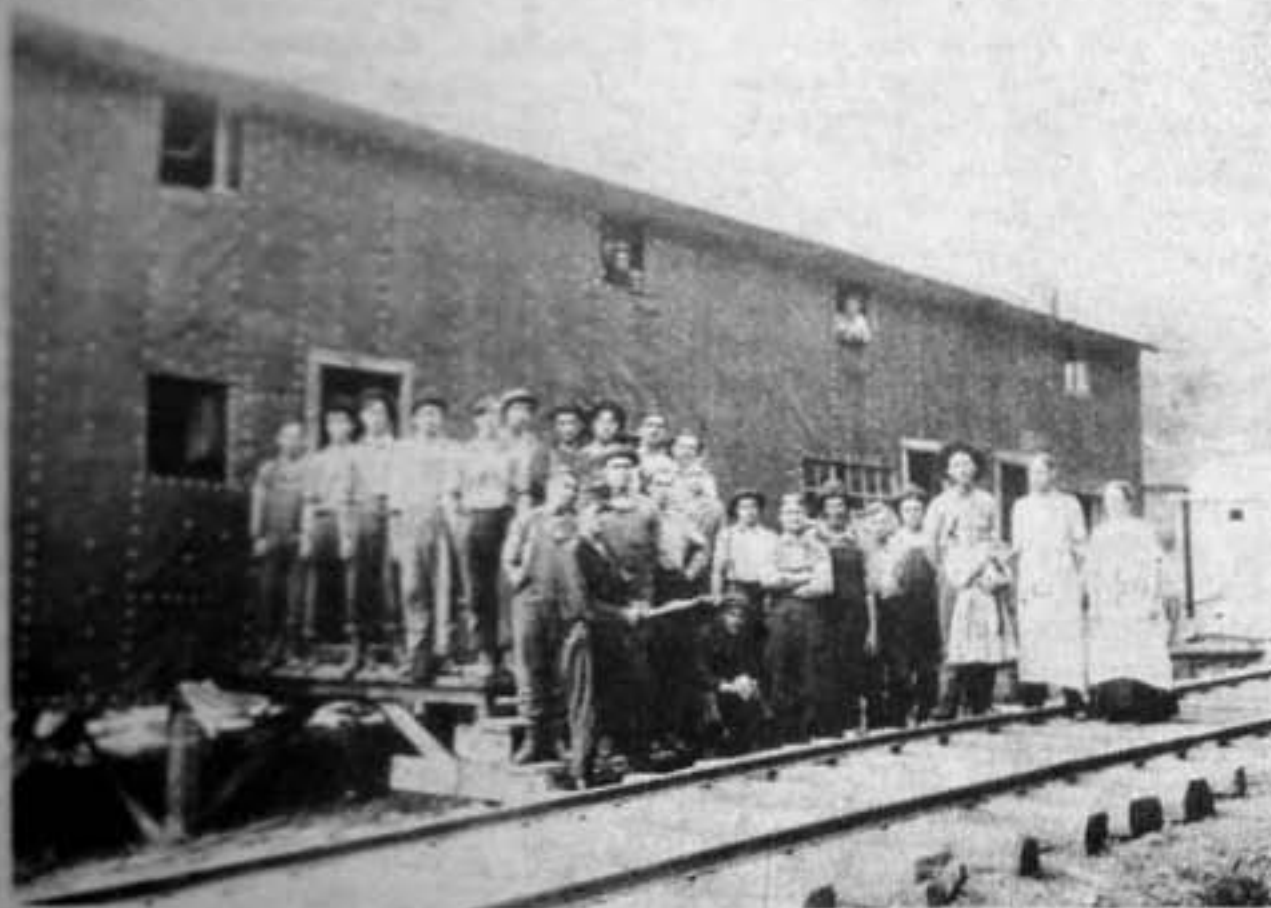


Now you get a good look at their faces with this foursome

For some unexplainable reason, early roving photographers found loggers willing to pose at the drop of a hat, only they never dropped their hats when they posed on the job. Here is a woods crew of the Brushy Lumber Company of Boyer. Named here according to the numbers our guest editor assigned them are: 0 Madison Mullenax, 1 Clifton Hill, 2 Andrew Morgan Collins, 7 unidentified, 3 Emory Mullenax, 8 a Wilfong, 9 Lee Grogg, 10 Albert Slayton, 4 Jim Hedrick. In the second row only 5 is identified, he being Bob Rowan. No. 12 just caught a "whistle pig" (groundhog) and No. 13 holds the camp mascot, a dog named Bounce.



Now you get a good look at their faces with this foursome cutting crew at Boyer. Who are they and where are they? Left to right, meet Andrew Morgan Collins, John Frizzell (died in Columbus, Ohio, in 1940), Willy Grogg (he filed the saws) and died near Ashville, N. C.), and Jessing Nottingham.



This is how loggers lived, or where they lived. In this tarpapered building the men slept and ate the cooking of Andrew Morgan Collins and his wife (in white on the end). The little girl with the cat is their niece Lena Grogg Collins who married a Burney and moved to Oceanside, California, where her ashes were scattered over the Pacific in January of this year. That was a long journey from Boyer, West Virginia, in 1912. There's a story about the man with the pipe, standing just back of the girl with the cat. He was bull of the woods Bob Rowan and has the dubious distinction of being the only man to choke to death a wildcat which sprang on him from a tree and started having lunch.



The darkroom mole who worked on this picture was short on hypo. Too light, but important enough to make the best of. This is a logging scene at Alexander, made in the 1890's. Our guest editor sits on the stump and makes like a real editor. All the rest are unknown except there is Andrew Morgan Collins of Boyer and his brother William Hunter Collins of Durbin.